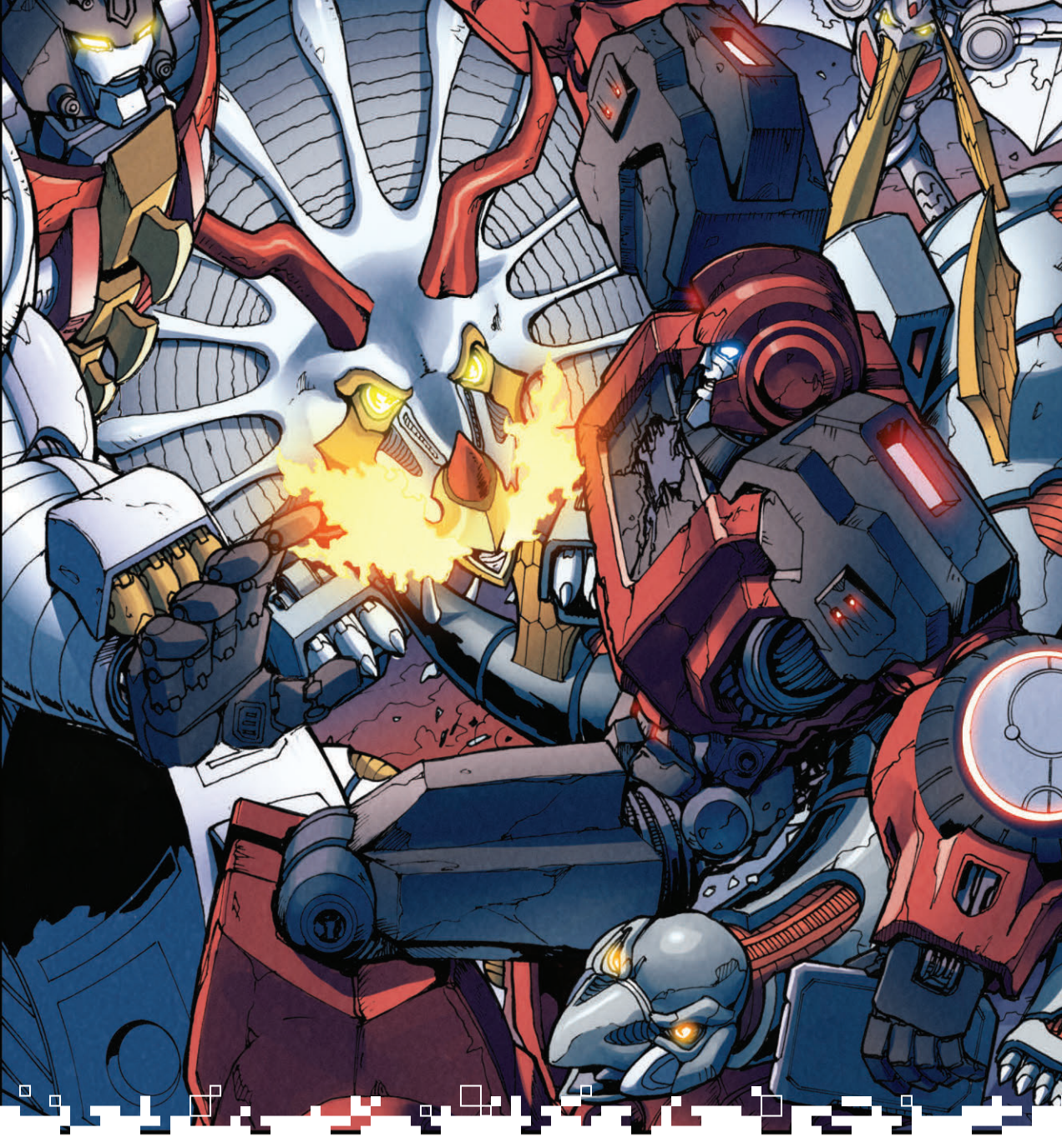
THE TRANSFORMERS
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE
VOLUME 2



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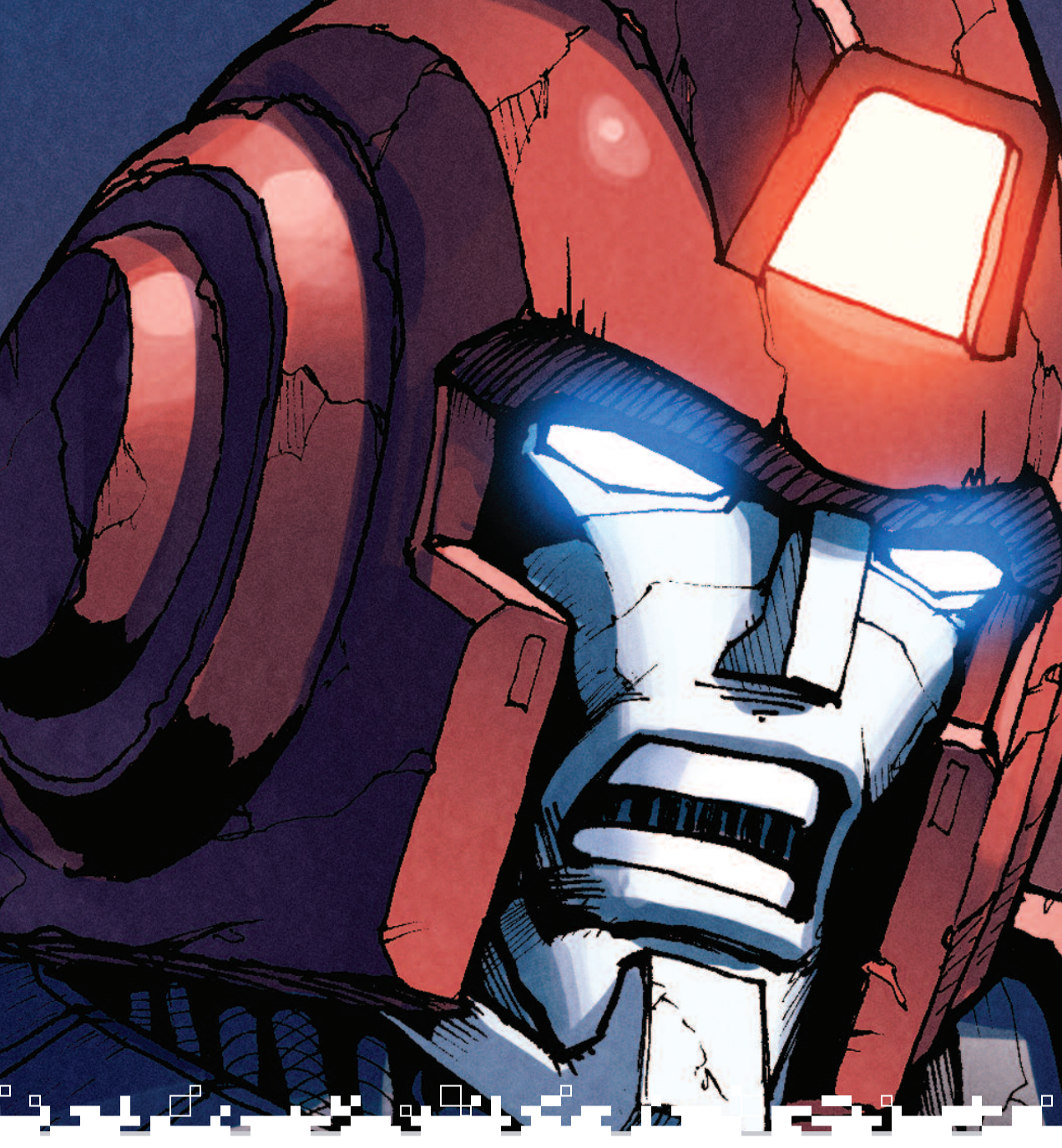

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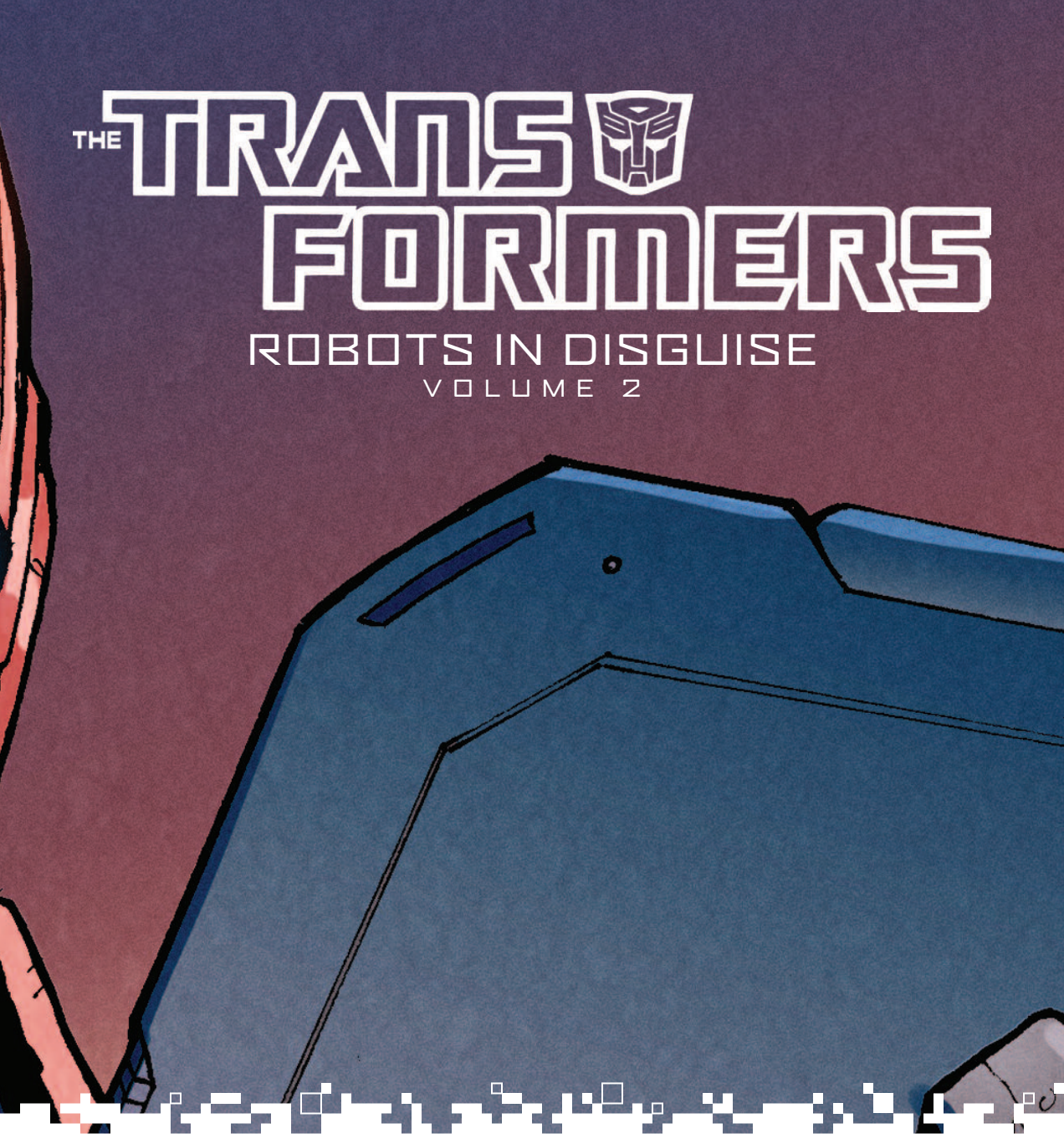

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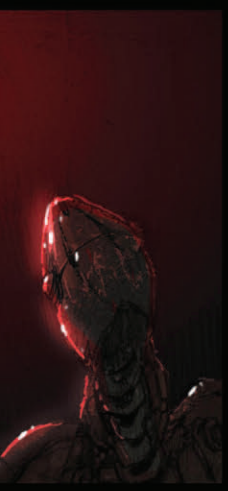
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #6 COVER A
BY **CASEY COLLER** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

FROM THE JOURNAL OF ORION PAX:
I LEFT CYBERTRON AND MY ROLE OF OPTIMUS PRIME BEHIND.
BUT I DIDN'T LEAVE BEHIND THE SENSE OF DUTY I OWE TO ALL SENTIENT BEINGS.

ARDURIA WAS ONCE A GAS GIANT, ORBITING A YELLOW DWARF STAR A DOZEN PARSECS FROM THE CYBERTRONIAN SYSTEM.
THE NATIVE ROCS GLIDED BETWEEN THEIR FLOATING AERIES WITH A SILICON-BASED PRECISION.

DISTANT, ESTRANGED COUSINS OF CYBERTRONIANS; A PARALLEL LIFE FORM.
NATURALLY, WE NEVER TRUSTED ONE ANOTHER.

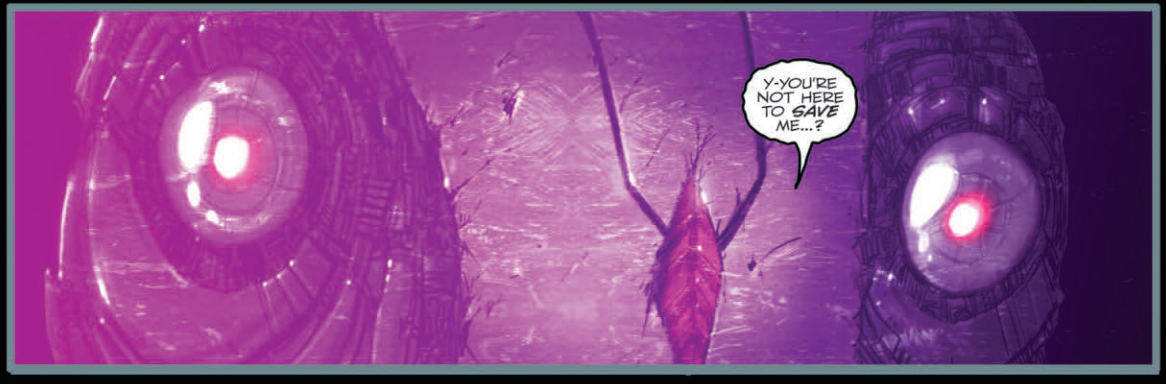
THEY DIDN'T DESERVE WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM...
...BUT THEN—WHO EVER DOES?
WHA—
—IS SOMEONE THERE?
IT IS SOMEONE! YOU ARE THERE!

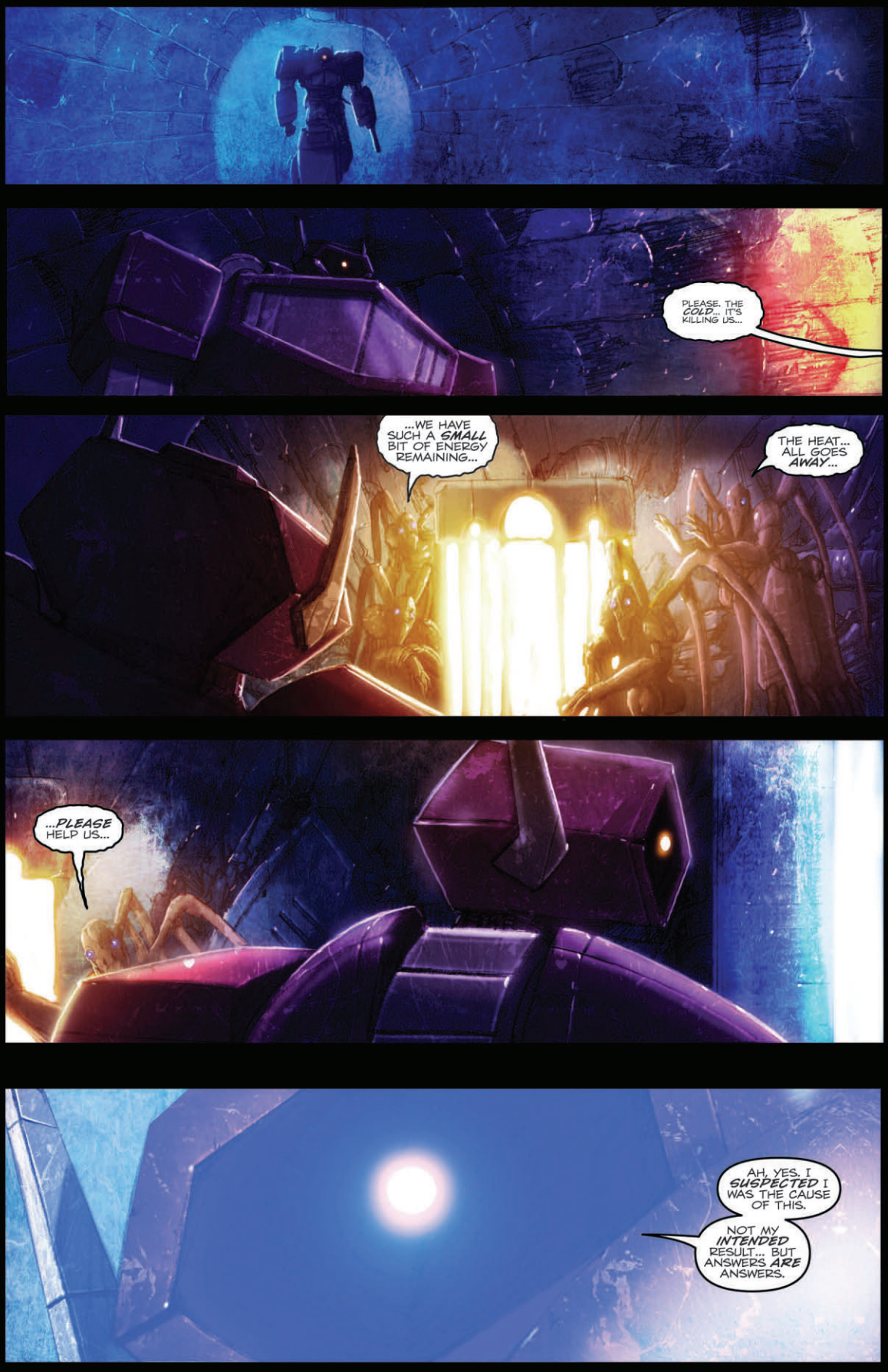


AT LAST! THE OTHERS WERE TOO COLD TO STAY... BUT I KNEW SOMEONE WOULD COME.

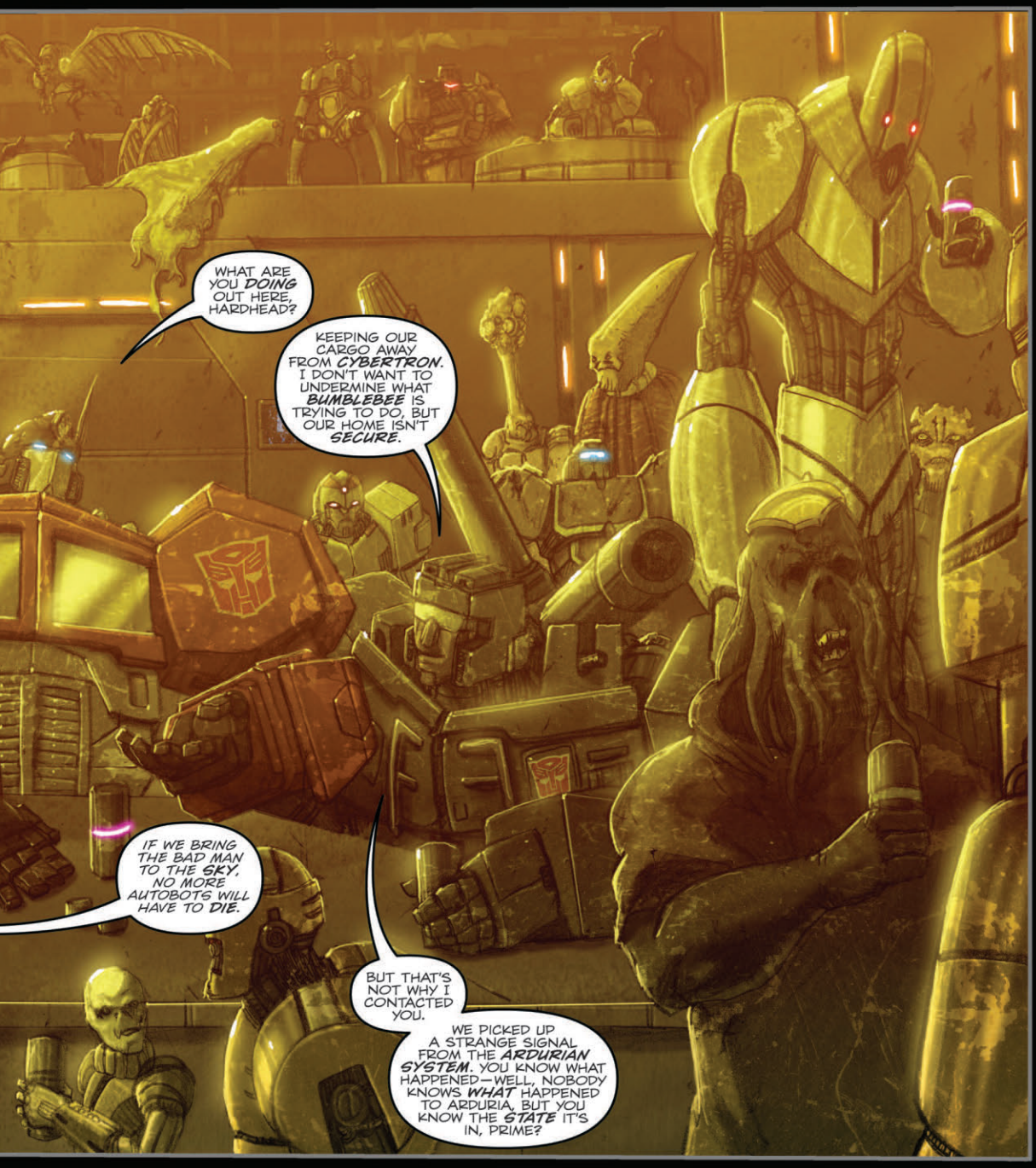
AH. YOU ARE USING RADIO WAVES TO COMMUNICATE...

SYNDROMICA [1]

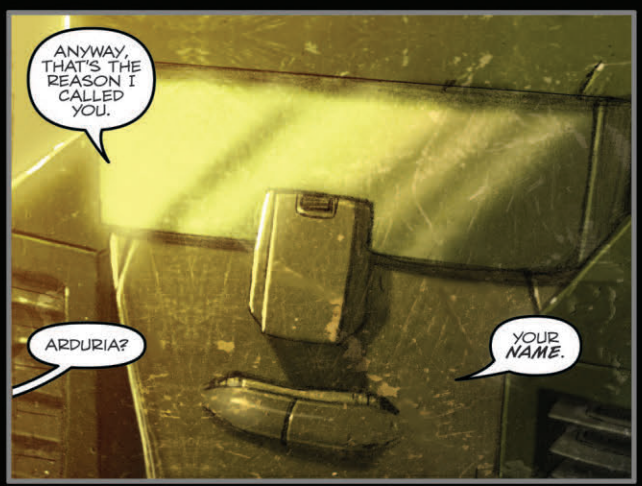


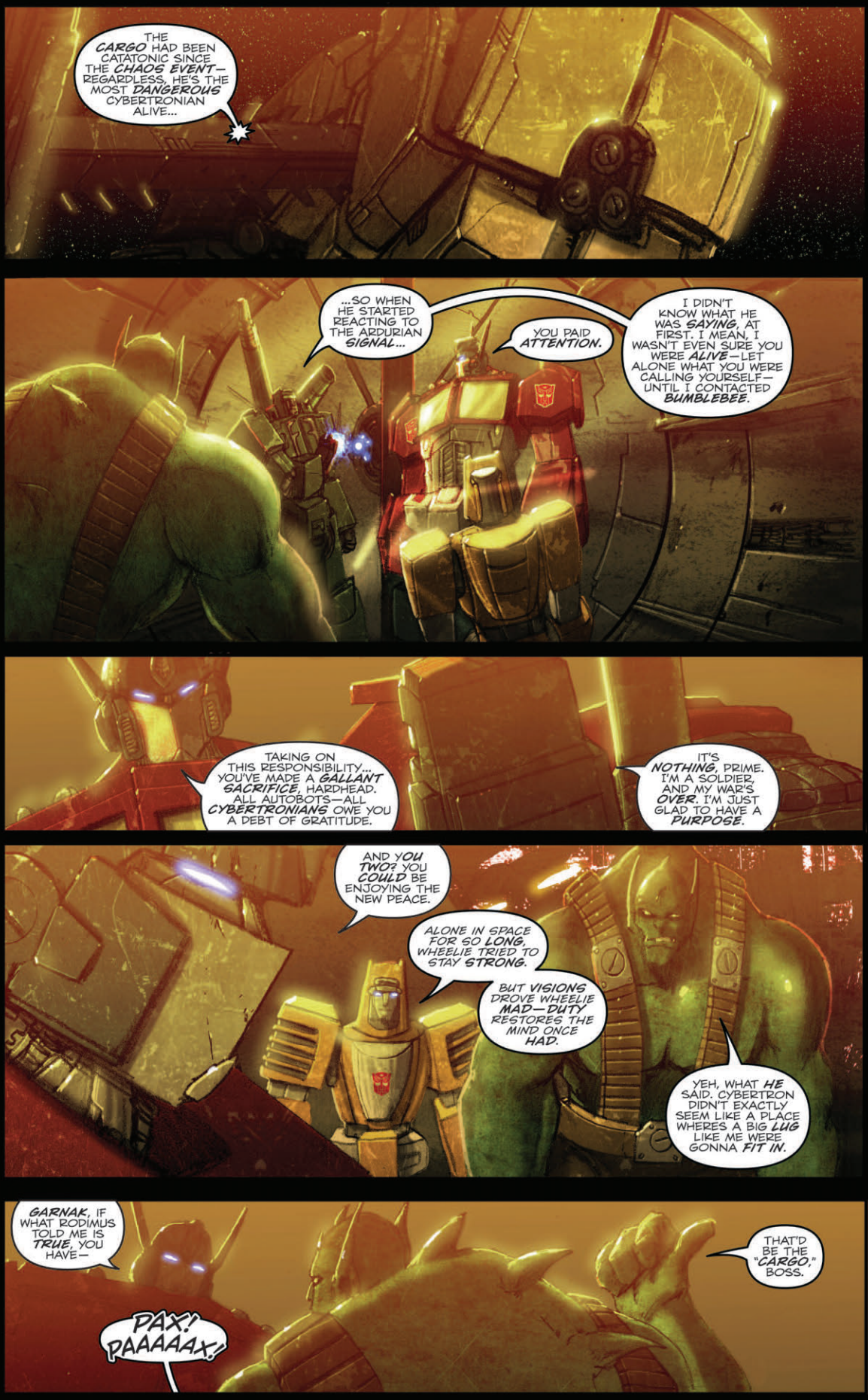

PLEASE. THE COLD... IT'S KILLING US...
...WE HAVE SUCH A SMALL BIT OF ENERGY REMAINING...
THE HEAT... ALL GOES AWAY...
...PLEASE HELP US...
AH, YES. I SUSPECTED I WAS THE CAUSE OF THIS.
NOT MY INTENDED RESULT... BUT ANSWERS ARE ANSWERS.

500,000 YEARS LATER.
PRESENT DAY.
I HADN'T GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO THE ARDURIANS FOR FOUR MILLION YEARS.
THEN I GOT A CALL.
I LOOKED IT UP. AND, PLEASE—
—MY NAME IS PAX, THESE DAYS. ORION PAX.
LEADING THROUGH OUR DARKEST TIME, TO US, YOU WILL ALWAYS BE THE PRIME.


WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE, HARDHEAD?
KEEPING OUR CARGO AWAY FROM CYBERTRON. I DON'T WANT TO UNDERMINE WHAT BUMBLEBEE IS TRYING TO DO, BUT OUR HOME ISN'T SECURE.
IF WE BRING THE BAD MAN TO THE SKY, NO MORE AUTOBOTS WILL HAVE TO DIE.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I CONTACTED YOU.
WE PICKED UP A STRANGE SIGNAL FROM THE ARDURIAN SYSTEM. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED—WELL, NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO ARDURIA, BUT YOU KNOW THE STATE IT'S IN, PRIME?

YEH.


ANYWAY, THAT'S THE REASON I CALLED YOU.
ARDURIA?
YOUR NAME.


THE CARGO HAD BEEN CATATONIC SINCE THE CHAOS EVENT— REGARDLESS, HE'S THE MOST DANGEROUS CYBERTRONIAN ALIVE...
...SO WHEN HE STARTED REACTING TO THE ARDURIAN SIGNAL...
YOU PAID ATTENTION.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS SAYING, AT FIRST. I MEAN, I WASN'T EVEN SURE YOU WERE ALIVE—LET ALONE WHAT YOU WERE CALLING YOURSELF—UNTIL I CONTACTED BUMBLEBEE.
TAKING ON THIS RESPONSIBILITY... YOU'VE MADE A GALLANT SACRIFICE, HARDHEAD. ALL AUTOBOTS—ALL CYBERTRONIANS OWE YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
IT'S NOTHING, PRIME. I'M A SOLDIER, AND MY WAR'S OVER. I'M JUST GLAD TO HAVE A PURPOSE.
AND YOU TWO? YOU COULD BE ENJOYING THE NEW PEACE.
ALONE IN SPACE FOR SO LONG, WHEELIE TRIED TO STAY STRONG.
BUT VISIONS DROVE WHEELIE MAD—DUTY RESTORES THE MIND ONCE HAD.
YEH, WHAT HE SAID. CYBERTRON DIDN'T EXACTLY SEEM LIKE A PLACE WHERES A BIG LUG LIKE ME WERE GONNA FIT IN.
GARNAK, IF WHAT RODIMUS TOLD ME IS TRUE, YOU HAVE—
PAX! PAAAAAX!
THAT'D BE THE "CARGO," BOSS.

PAX!
JHIAXUS. MASTER SCIENTIST OF CYBERTRON'S GOLDEN AGE...
AND ONE OF THE ARCHITECTS OF OUR WORLD'S DOWNFALL.
PAX!
YOU!
PAX... MY CREATIONS. TOMORROW... PRIME... THROUGH GENESIS AND REGENESIS.
THIRTEEN...
...THIRTEEN...
...WELL, OPTIMUS. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.
HE HASN'T CALMED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR DAYS. WHAT SHOULD—
SET A COURSE FOR ARDURIA. AND DON'T LET JHIAXUS OUT OF YOUR SIGHT FOR AN INSTANT.

JHIAXUS HAD BEEN *INTEGRAL* IN MAKING CYBERTRON WHAT IT ONCE WAS:
A *WASTELAND* DEVASTATED BY UNENDING *WAR*, MORAL *CORRUPTION*, AND MALEVOLENT *EXPANSIONISM*.

HE AND I WERE *TOGETHER* WHEN CYBERTRON WAS *REBORN*.
JHIAXUS' MASTER, *GALVATRON*, DISSOLVED IN FRONT OF US. *I* EMERGED THREE WEEKS IN THE *FUTURE*, FACING A WORLD THAT NEITHER *WANTED* NOR *NEEDED* ME.
LISTENING TO JHIAXUS RAMBLE—IT SEEMS GALVATRON AND I *BOTH* GOT OFF *EASY*.

TEMPERATURE IS *BARELY* ABOVE *ABSOLUTE ZERO*. WE CAN'T STAY OUT HERE FOR *LONG*, PRIME.
UNDERSTOOD. LET'S MAKE THIS VISIT *BRIEF*.

DANGER LURKS—WHEELIE YOU NEED! HIS SLING WORKS WITH DEADLY SPEED!
SORRY, OLD FRIEND. STAY ONBOARD WITH JHIAXUS. USE THOSE *SKILLS* OF YOURS IF HE *TRIES* ANYTHING.

OVER *HERE*.
HARDHEAD PUTS ON A *BRAVE FRONT*. HE'S SPENT YEARS GUARDING JHIAXUS, EVEN BEFORE THE *CHAOS EVENT*. AND NOW, *AFTER*...

...WELL, HE DOES *HIS* DUTY SO THE REST OF US DON'T *HAVE* TO.
AM I IMAGINING THINGS OR...?
NO, YOU'RE *RIGHT*, HARDHEAD...

...THIS WAS SHOCKWAVE'S HANDIWORK.
HE WAS JHIAXUS' GREATEST STUDENT. THAT WE'VE WOUND UP HERE, WITH JHIAXUS IN TOW—IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.
NOTHING EVER IS, IN OUR LINE OF WORK. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SHOCKWAVE WAS DOING HERE?
HE WENT DARK FOR A HALF-MILLION YEARS—UP UNTIL THE DYNOBOTS FOUND HIM ON EARTH.
I KNOW THE STORY. IT WAS TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AFTER SHOCKWAVE USED HIS REGENESIS MISSILES TO SEED EARTH WITH ULTRA-ENERGON. A.K.A. ORE-13.
BUT HOW COULD JHIAXUS KNOW...?
MAYBE SOMEONE TOLD HIM. DID BUMBLEBEE CONFIRM THAT SHOCKWAVE IS STILL ON CYBERTRON?
YEAH, I GOT A RUNDOWN ON EVERYBODY WHO'S ANYWHERE... AND... LOOK, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I HAVE TO TELL YOU. WHILE WE'RE IN THE MOOD FOR BAD NEWS.
RODIMUS AND A COUPLE HUNDRED AUTOBOTS WENT TO CHASE DOWN THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON... BUT THEIR SHIP EXPLODED.
THEY'RE... THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
I DOUBT THAT. I'VE KNOWN RODIMUS A LONG TIME. HE'S FACED DEATH AND FOUND LIFE.
I'M SURE HE'S FINE.
WAIT. DO YOU FEEL COLDER?

HUH. SO THAT'S THE... HOW WOULD YOU EVEN SAY IT? THE SOURCE OF THE COLD?
THE STENCH OF SHOCKWAVE IS EVERYWHERE. THE ROCKET SEEMS TO BE ABSORBING HEAT.
WHAT— WHAT FOR? AND WHAT'S THE BIG GUY DOING?

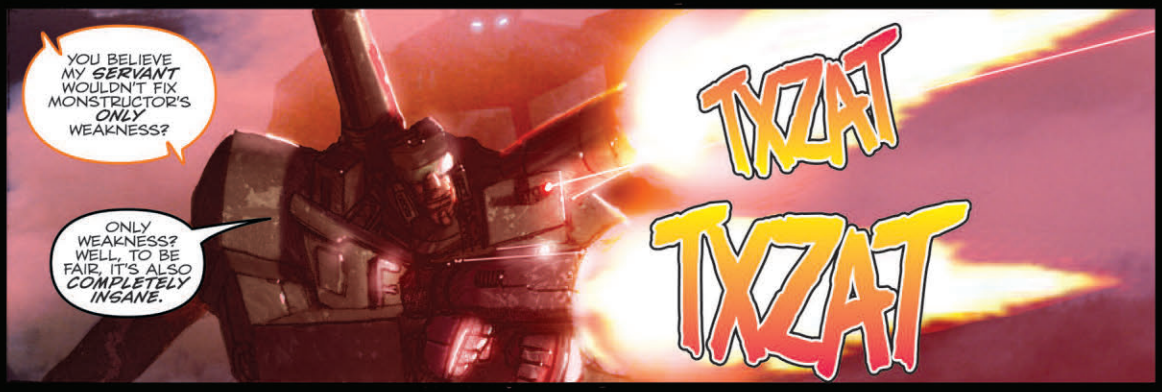
MONSTRUCTOR. JHIAXUS' ORIGINAL ATTEMPT TO CREATE A COMBINER... TO FORCE MULTIPLE BODIES—MULTIPLE SPARKS—INTO A SINGLE ENTITY.
I FOUGHT IT, ONCE.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? AND WHEN?
RECENTLY.
WHEELIE—THIS IS ORION.
WHEELIE REPLYING AND ALWAYS STEADY, YOUR WISH IS ALL BUT GRANTED ALREADY!
CALL UP ALL RECORDS ON MONSTRUCTOR. RODIMUS ENCOUNTERED HIM DURING THE DECEPTICON PUSH FIVE YEARS AGO, AND I DON'T RECALL ANY FURTHER REPORTS.
COMPUTER LOGS: YOUR MEMORY CONFIRM! MONSTRUCTOR'S STATUS: MOBILE OR INFIRM?
MY CREATION...
WE'LL UPDATE YOU LATER. JUST KEEP AN EYE ON JHIAXUS—I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING.
NOR SHOULD YOU, AUTOBOT. MY CREATION...
...LIVES!
UH, PRIME...?
GUNS UP, HARDHEAD—

RAAG
—WE'VE BEEN PLAYED.
LAST TIME, MONSTRUCTOR WAS ON THE LEASH OF THE DECEPTICONS. IT WAS WORKING WITH...

NO—NO. WHEELIE— GET OUT OF THERE!

IT'S BLUDGEON! BLUDGEON IS COMING!
OH, BLUDGEON IS HERE, AUTOBOT.
AND I WANT MY MASTER.
YEAH? WELL, YOU GOTTA GET THROUGH ME FIRST.
YER KIND'S ALWAYS UNDERESTIMATIN' THE LIZARD.
THE FIRST GESTALT...

...THE FIRST FUSION OF SPARK INTO SPARK INTO A SUPERIOR LIFE FORM...
...THE FIRST STEP TOWARD OUR RACE'S FINAL EVOLUTION!
AAARRHH!
JHIAXUS— THE ONLY FIRST THAT MATTERS—
—IS FIRST BLOOD!
THOOM
PINC

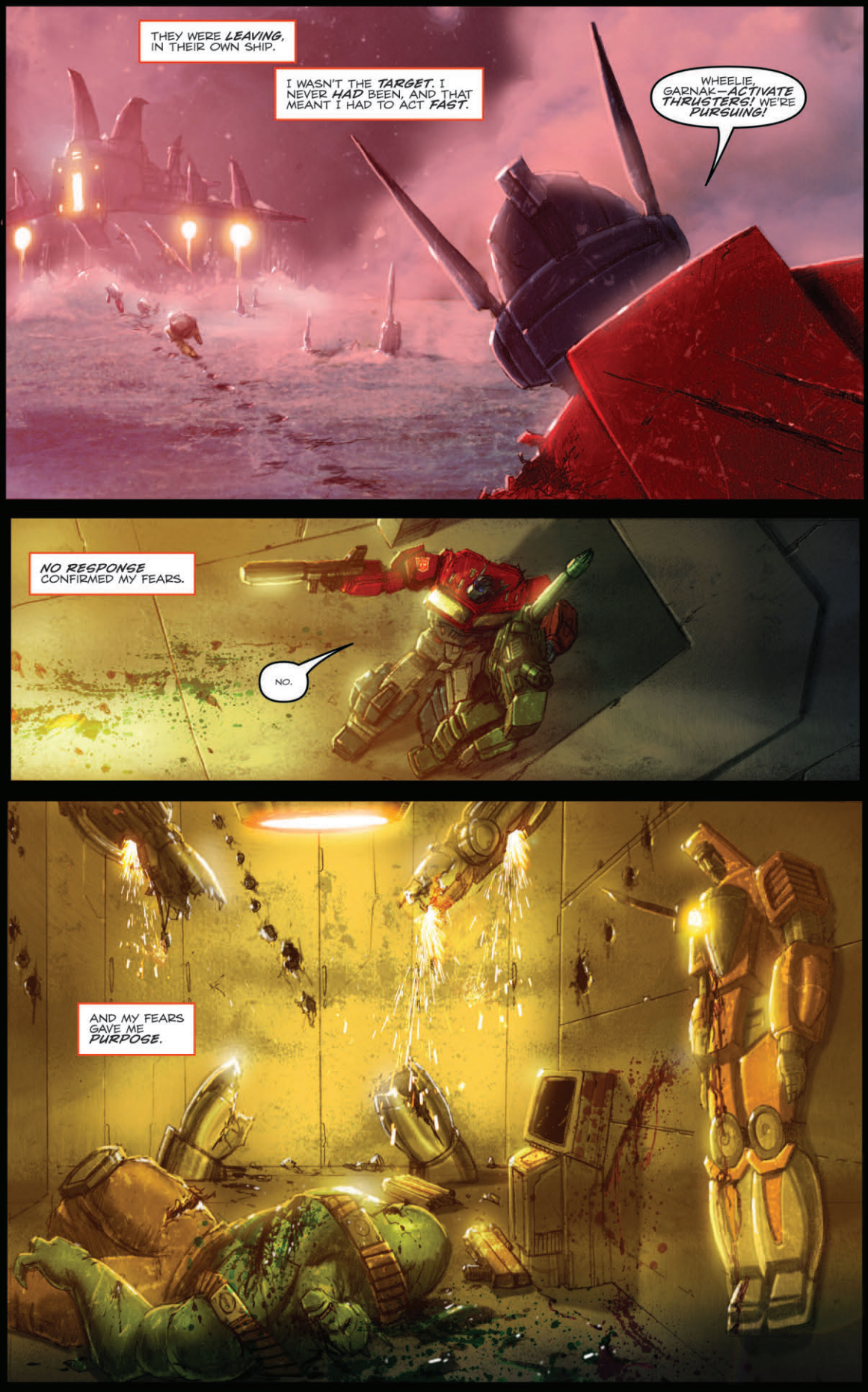

YOU BELIEVE MY SERVANT WOULDN'T FIX MONSTRUCTOR'S ONLY WEAKNESS?
ONLY WEAKNESS? WELL, TO BE FAIR, IT'S ALSO COMPLETELY INSANE.
TXZAT
TXZAT

THAT IS NOT A WEAKNESS!
FWAM

JHIAXUS, I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE FIGHTING MANIACS LIKE YOU AND MONSTRUCTOR.
DO YOU THINK THIS IS WHERE I LOSE?

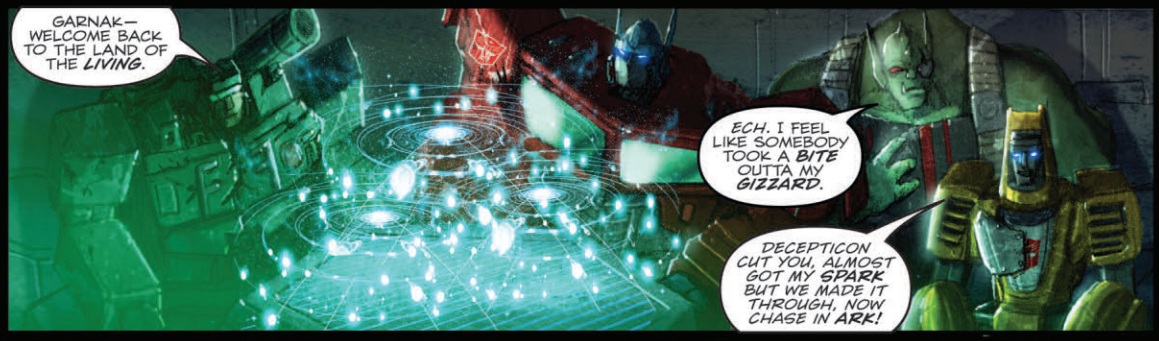
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!
RRRRRRR-

RAARHH!
NOT NOW, OPTIMUS...
...BUT SOON...
THOOM THOOM THOOM
...VERY VERY SOON...
...AND WITH FINALITY.
SHP
CHAFT
SHUKK
TRLAK


THEY WERE LEAVING, IN THEIR OWN SHIP.
I WASN'T THE TARGET. I NEVER HAD BEEN, AND THAT MEANT I HAD TO ACT FAST.
WHEELIE, GARNAK—ACTIVATE THRUSTERS! WE'RE PURSUING!
NO RESPONSE CONFIRMED MY FEARS.
NO.
AND MY FEARS GAVE ME PURPOSE.

WITH RODIMUS *MISSING* AND BUMBLEBEE *OCCUPIED*, RESPONSIBILITY FALLS TO *ME*.
FORTUNATELY, I *ENJOY* MY DUTIES...

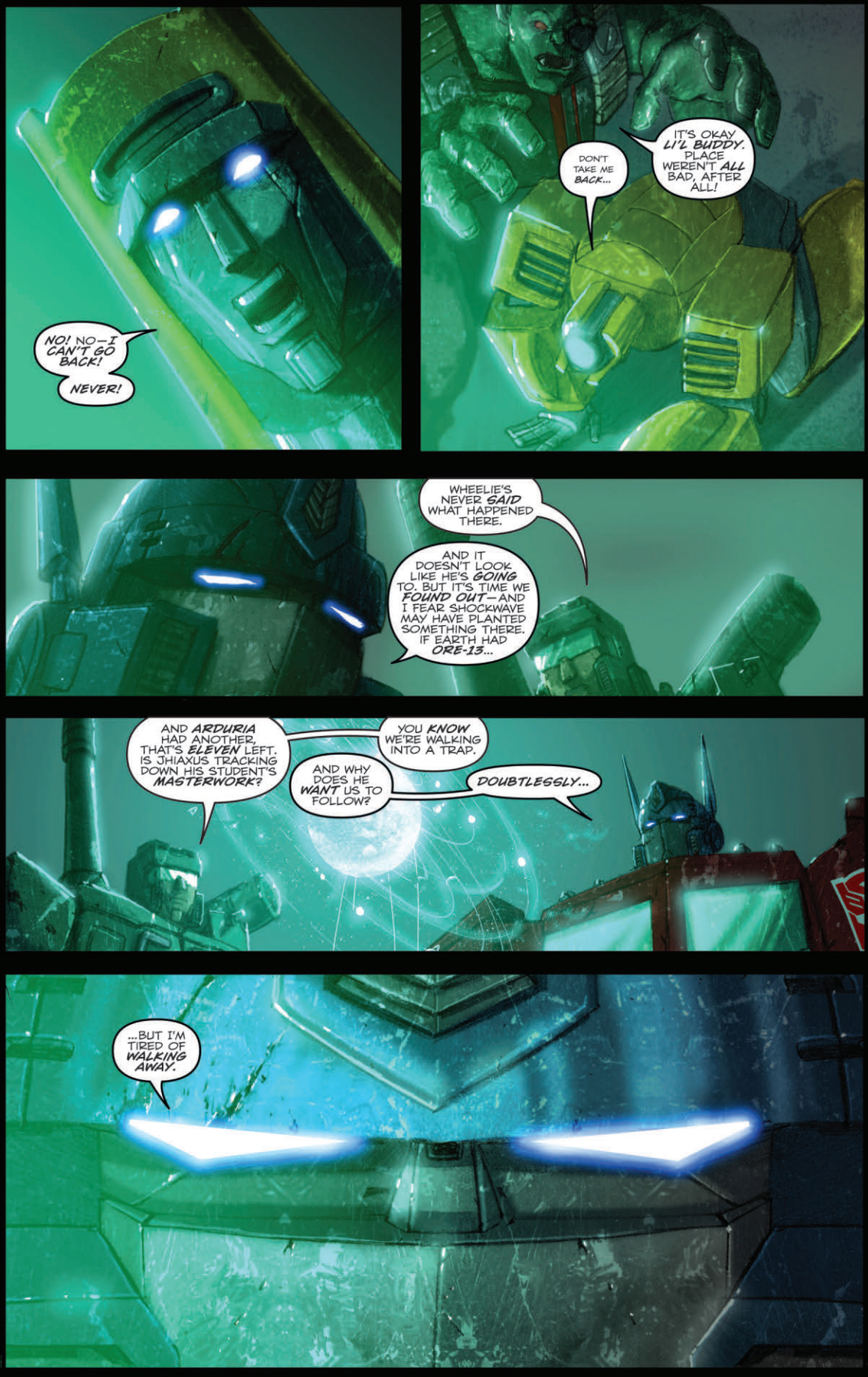
...AND I RARELY FIND MYSELF *ALONE* IN THEM.
UNNNH...
...WHA'S GOIN' ON...?


GARNAK— WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE *LIVING*.
ECH. I FEEL LIKE SOMEBODY TOOK A *BITE* OUTTA MY *GIZZARD*.
DECEPTICON CUT YOU, ALMOST GOT MY *SPARK* BUT WE MADE IT THROUGH, NOW CHASE IN *ARK*!

BLUDGEON AND *JHIAXUS* HAVE A HEAD START.
EXTRAPOLATING THEIR COURSE, THERE ARE *321* *CHARTED SYSTEMS* THEY COULD BE HEADING FOR.
THAT'S *NOT* HELPFUL.

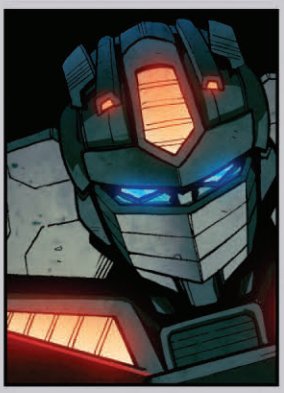
BUT *THIS* IS: ONLY ONE OF THOSE IS THE *LENOCINIUM VELNERO* SYSTEM—
—WHERE *WHEELIE* WAS STUCK FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, AND WHERE HE AND *GARNAK* MET.

BLUDGEON LEFT THEM *BOTH* ALIVE— *INTENTIONALLY*. HE WAS SENDING US A MESSAGE.
SET COURSE TO THE *L-V* *SYSTEM*.


NO! NO—I CAN'T GO BACK!
NEVER!
DON'T TAKE ME BACK...
IT'S OKAY LI'L BUDDY. PLACE WEREN'T ALL BAD, AFTER ALL!
WHEELIE'S NEVER SAID WHAT HAPPENED THERE.
AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S GOING TO. BUT IT'S TIME WE FOUND OUT—AND I FEAR SHOCKWAVE MAY HAVE PLANTED SOMETHING THERE. IF EARTH HAD ORE-13...
AND ARDURIA HAD ANOTHER. THAT'S ELEVEN LEFT. IS JHIAXUS TRACKING DOWN HIS STUDENT'S MASTERWORK?
YOU KNOW WE'RE WALKING INTO A TRAP.
AND WHY DOES HE WANT US TO FOLLOW?
DOUBTLESSLY...
...BUT I'M TIRED OF WALKING AWAY.

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #6 COVER B
BY **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

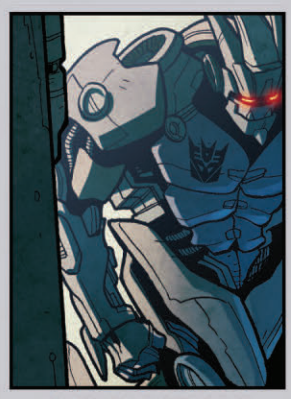
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #7 COVER A
BY **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**



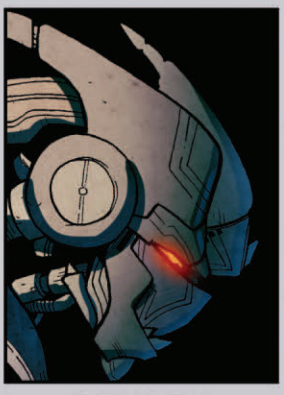
IF ANYBODY SEES ME, I'M DEAD.

I DON'T MEAN TO BE **OVERLY DRAMATIC**—THAT'S NOT MY STYLE—BUT...

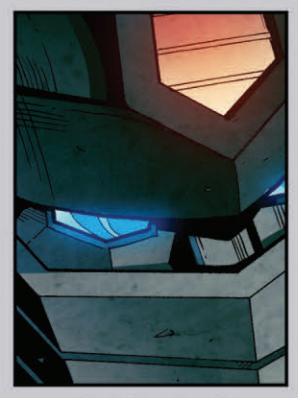
...WELL, THE **TRUTH** IS THE **TRUTH**.



IF ANY OF THESE GUYS EVEN **THINK** THERE'S AN AUTOBOT **ABOARD**...



...THE GAME'S **UP**.

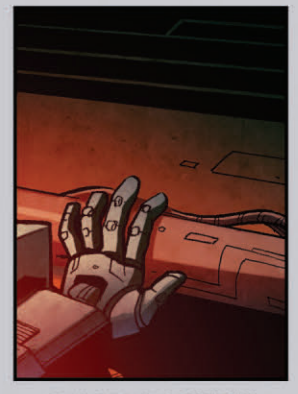


IF WHAT BUMBLEBEE **SUSPECTS** IS TRUE—

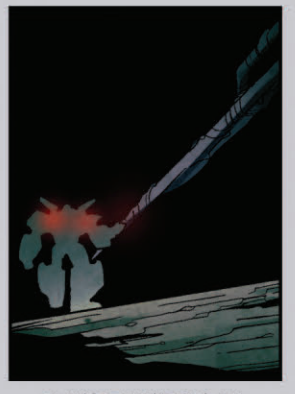
—IF THEY'RE **LYING** TO US, AND I GUESS THEY **ARE**—

—IT'S GOING TO BE **HARD** TO **HIDE**.

I MEAN, SURE, THE DEVICE IS ALL ABOUT **INVISIBILITY**.



BUT FOR THE **OUTPUT** THEY'D NEED, THE THING ITSELF WOULD BE ANYTHING **BUT**.



I, UNFORTUNATELY, AM **ALSO** NOT INVISIBLE.

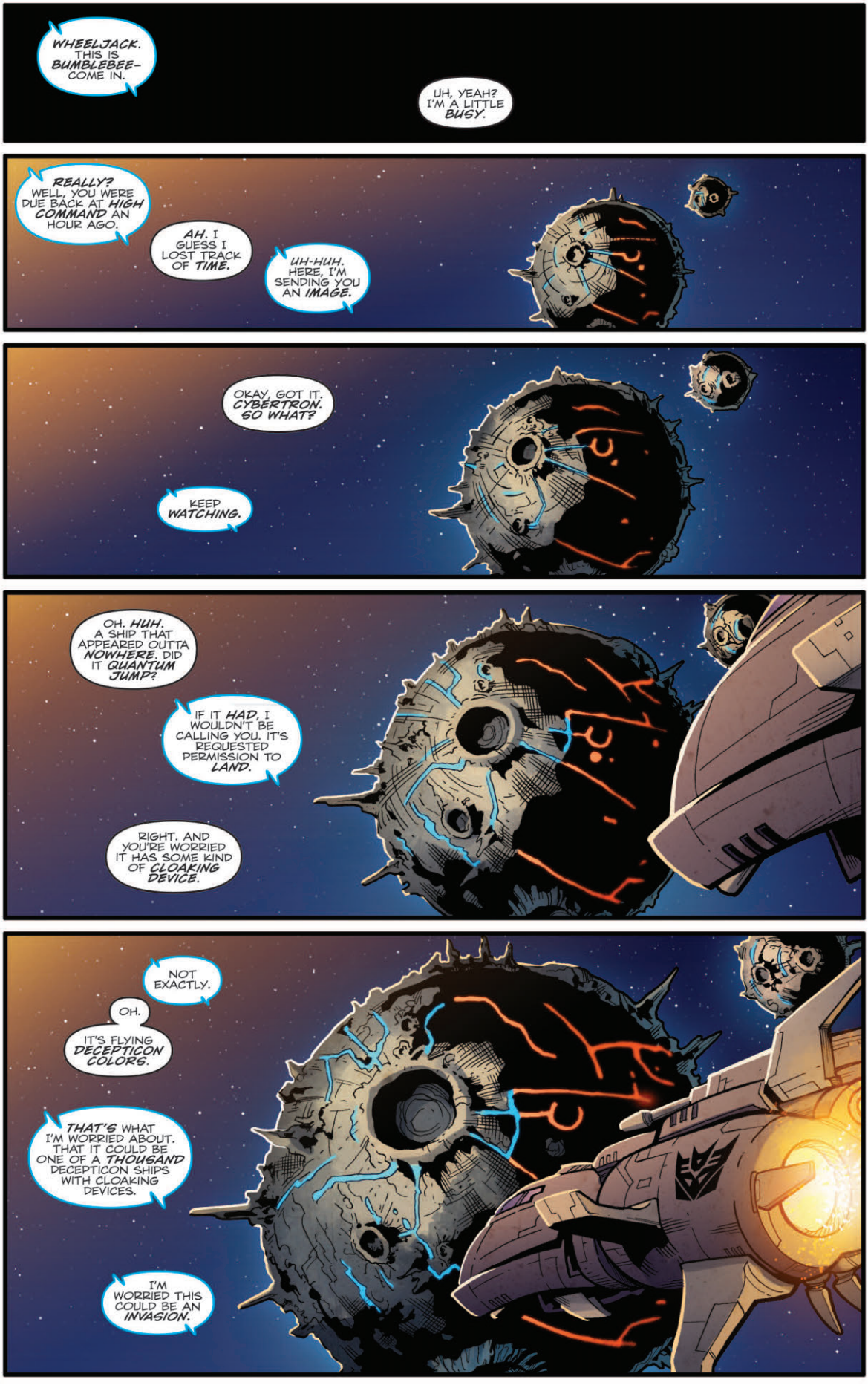
THE **TRICKY** THING IS...

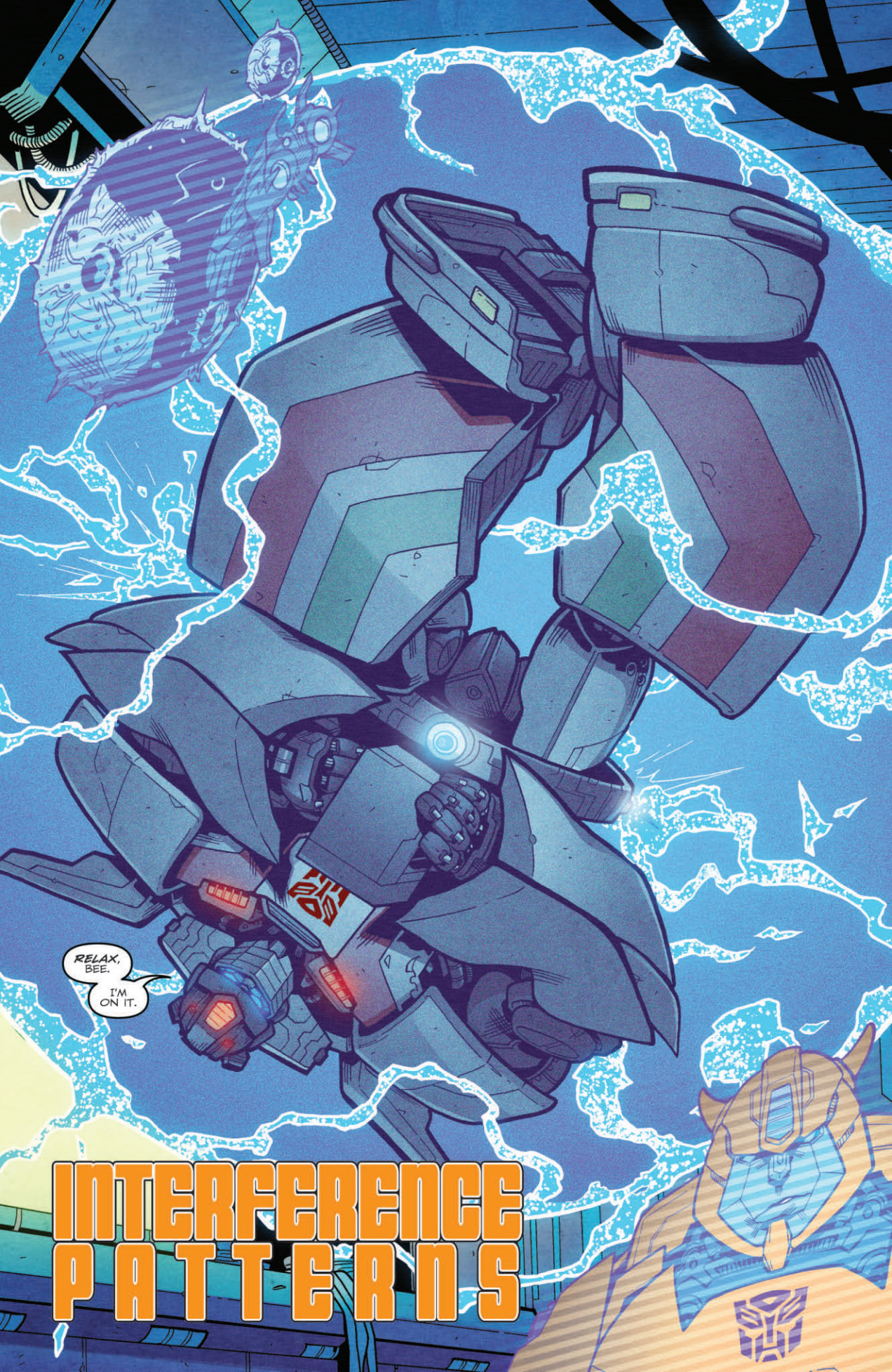
...I DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF THEM **ARE**.

WHICH MAKES EVADING THEM **SOMEWHAT HARDER**.

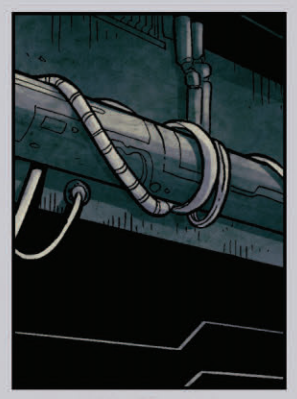
AND IF ANY OF 'EM **SEES ME**...

...WELL, I GUESS THAT'S WHERE WE **STARTED**.


WHEELJACK. THIS IS BUMBLEBEE– COME IN.
UH, YEAH? I'M A LITTLE BUSY.
REALLY? WELL, YOU WERE DUE BACK AT HIGH COMMAND AN HOUR AGO.
AH. I GUESS I LOST TRACK OF TIME.
UH-HUH. HERE, I'M SENDING YOU AN IMAGE.
OKAY, GOT IT. CYBERTRON. SO WHAT?
KEEP WATCHING.
OH. HUH. A SHIP THAT APPEARED OUTTA NOWHERE. DID IT QUANTUM JUMP?
IF IT HAD, I WOULDN'T BE CALLING YOU. IT'S REQUESTED PERMISSION TO LAND.
RIGHT. AND YOU'RE WORRIED IT HAS SOME KIND OF CLOAKING DEVICE.
NOT EXACTLY.
OH.
IT'S FLYING DECEPTICON COLORS.
THAT'S WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT. THAT IT COULD BE ONE OF A THOUSAND DECEPTICON SHIPS WITH CLOAKING DEVICES.
I'M WORRIED THIS COULD BE AN INVASION.

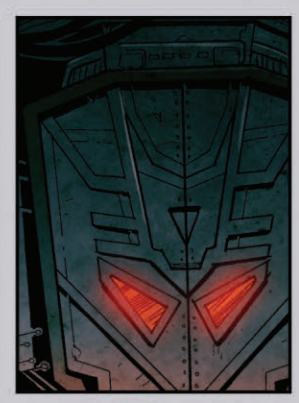

RELAX, BEE.
I'M ON IT.
INTERFERENCE PATTERNS

PEACE ON CYBERTRON IS A TENUOUS THING.



HENCE, ME AND THIS MISSION.

SURE, WE ROUNDED UP ALL THE DECEPTICONS WE COULD FIND.

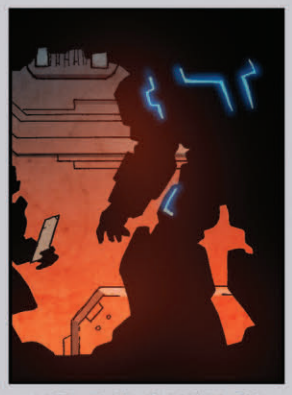


AND SURE, WE HAVE A FRAIL KINDA AGREEMENT WITH THEM.

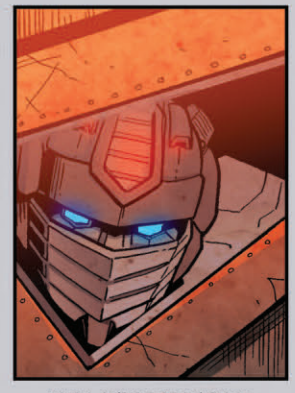
THE KEY TO IT, IF YOU ASK ME—

—AND NOBODY DOES—

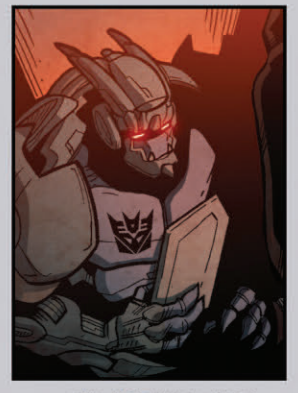
—IS THAT THEY RAN OUTTA GOALS.



SEE, WE FOUGHT FOR SO LONG, THE STUFF WE WERE FIGHTING OVER JUST WENT AWAY.

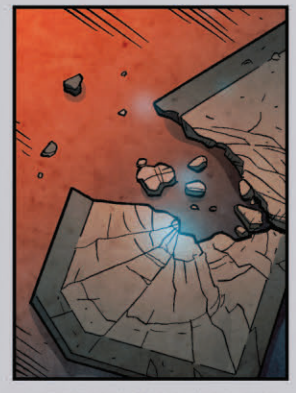


WITH CYBERTRON BACK ALIVE, WITH OUR NUMBERS CUT DOWN BY MILLIONS OF YEARS OF WAR...



...IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE NOT STILL MAD AT EACH OTHER.

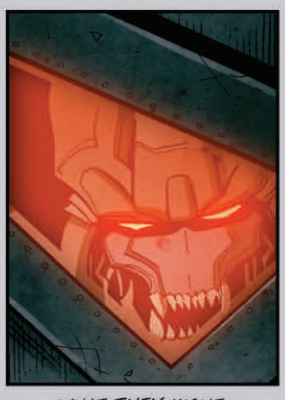
IT'S THAT THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING TO CHANNEL OUR ANGER TOWARD.



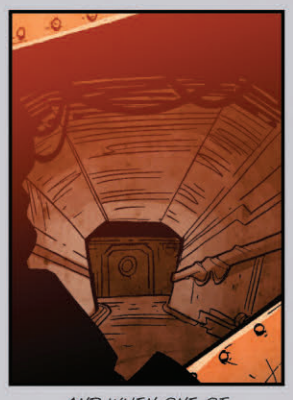
WE'RE WHERE WE ARE. AND WE ALL KNOW IT.

EXCEPT...

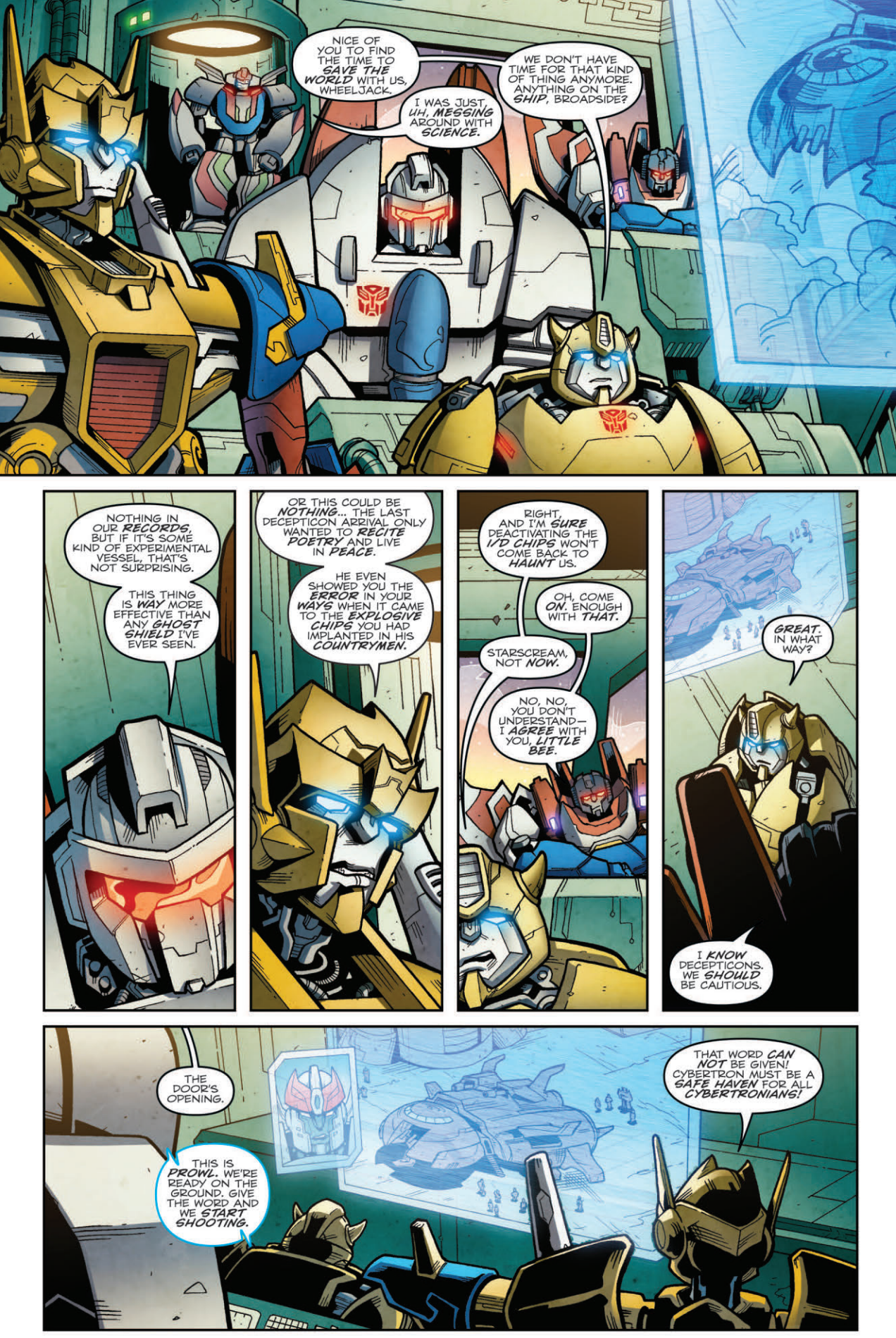
...EXCEPT THERE'S A BUNCH OF DECEPTICONS OUT THERE, WHO WE HAVEN'T SEEN FOR A WHILE.



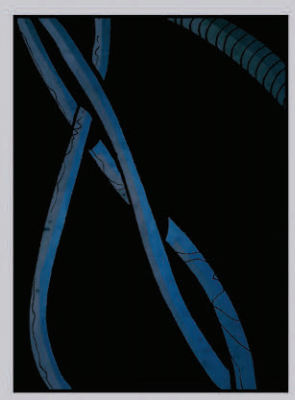
WHAT THEY MIGHT WANT? THAT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS.



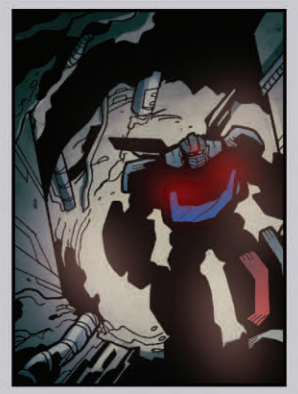
AND WHEN ONE OF THEM COMES CALLING...


NICE OF YOU TO FIND THE TIME TO SAVE THE WORLD WITH US, WHEELJACK.
I WAS JUST, UH, MESSING AROUND WITH SCIENCE.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT KIND OF THING ANYMORE. ANYTHING ON THE SHIP, BROADSIDE?
NOTHING IN OUR RECORDS, BUT IF IT'S SOME KIND OF EXPERIMENTAL VESSEL, THAT'S NOT SURPRISING.
THIS THING IS WAY MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY GHOST SHIELD I'VE EVER SEEN.
OR THIS COULD BE NOTHING... THE LAST DECEPTICON ARRIVAL ONLY WANTED TO RECITE POETRY AND LIVE IN PEACE.
HE EVEN SHOWED YOU THE ERROR IN YOUR WAYS WHEN IT CAME TO THE EXPLOSIVE CHIPS YOU HAD IMPLANTED IN HIS COUNTRYMEN.
RIGHT, AND I'M SURE DEACTIVATING THE I/D CHIPS WON'T COME BACK TO HAUNT US.
OH, COME ON. ENOUGH WITH THAT.
STARSCREAM, NOT NOW.
NO, NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND— I AGREE WITH YOU, LITTLE BEE.
GREAT. IN WHAT WAY?
I KNOW DECEPTICONS. WE SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS.
THE DOOR'S OPENING.
THIS IS PROWL. WE'RE READY ON THE GROUND. GIVE THE WORD AND WE START SHOOTING.
THAT WORD CAN NOT BE GIVEN! CYBERTRON MUST BE A SAFE HAVEN FOR ALL CYBERTRONIANS!

AH, I NEVER EXPECTED SUCH A WARM WELCOME. NOW, PLEASE...
...TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.
OH, MAN—IT'S TURMOIL.
WHAT—HE'S DEAD! I HELPED KILL HIM!
ERG. I COULDN'T HAVE PICKED ANYONE I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO SEE LESS.
BUMBLEBEE—THIS IS PROWL. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
SIGH. METALHAWK'S RIGHT. BRING HIM OVER HERE.
THIS IS A FREE PLANET UNTIL—I MEAN UNLESS—HE PROVES HE WANTS TO DO US HARM.
NO...
...TURMOIL HAS PROVEN ENOUGH.
KILL HIM WHERE HE STANDS.

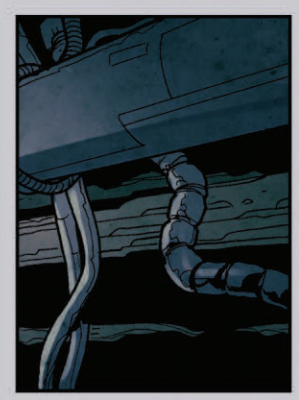


TURMOIL'S ONE OF THE **WORST**.



HE WAS **ASSUMED DEAD** IN A RAID RIGHT BEFORE THE **DECEPTICON SURGE**, ABOUT FIVE YEARS BACK.

IT'S WHERE WE MET **DRIFT**, ACTUALLY—



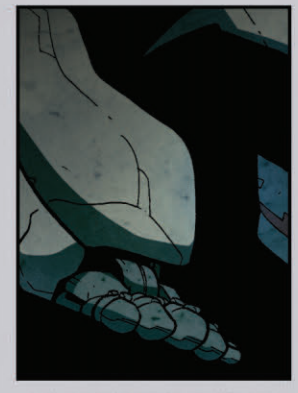
—THE ONE-TIME **DECEPTICON** WHO BECAME AN **AUTOBOT**.

DRIFT—AND MOST OF THE **REST** OF THAT RAIDING PARTY—WERE ON THE **LOST LIGHT** WHEN IT EXPLODED.

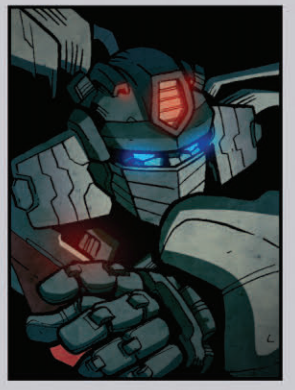
BROADSIDE AND BLURR ARE THE ONLY GUYS **LEFT**.

AND, **WOW**, WAS BROADSIDE **NOT HAPPY** TO SEE TURMOIL.

NEITHER WAS **METALHAWK**, OBVIOUSLY.



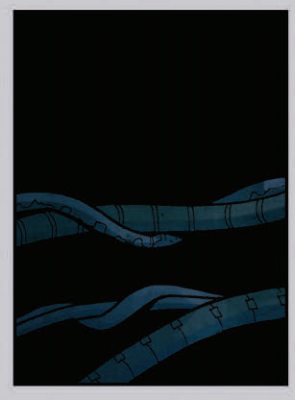
WHICH **SHOULDA** CLUED ME IN TO WHAT WAS UP.



MAYBE I WAS **NAIVE**, MAYBE JUST **HOPEFUL**...

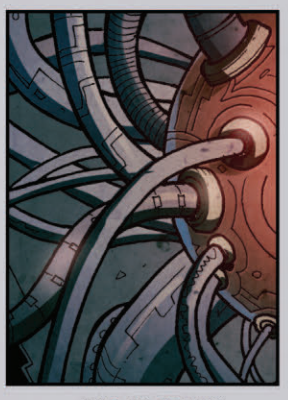
...BUT I WANTED TO BELIEVE TURMOIL HAD **GIVEN UP HIS WAYS**.

I MEAN, IF **DRIFT** COULD, WHY NOT **HIM**?

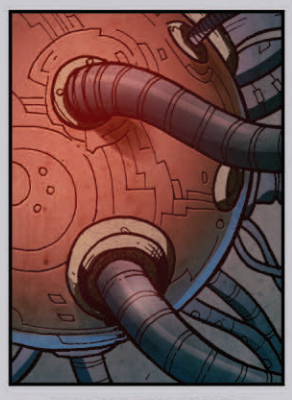


TURMOIL'S **CLAIMS** MADE HIM HARD TO TRUST.

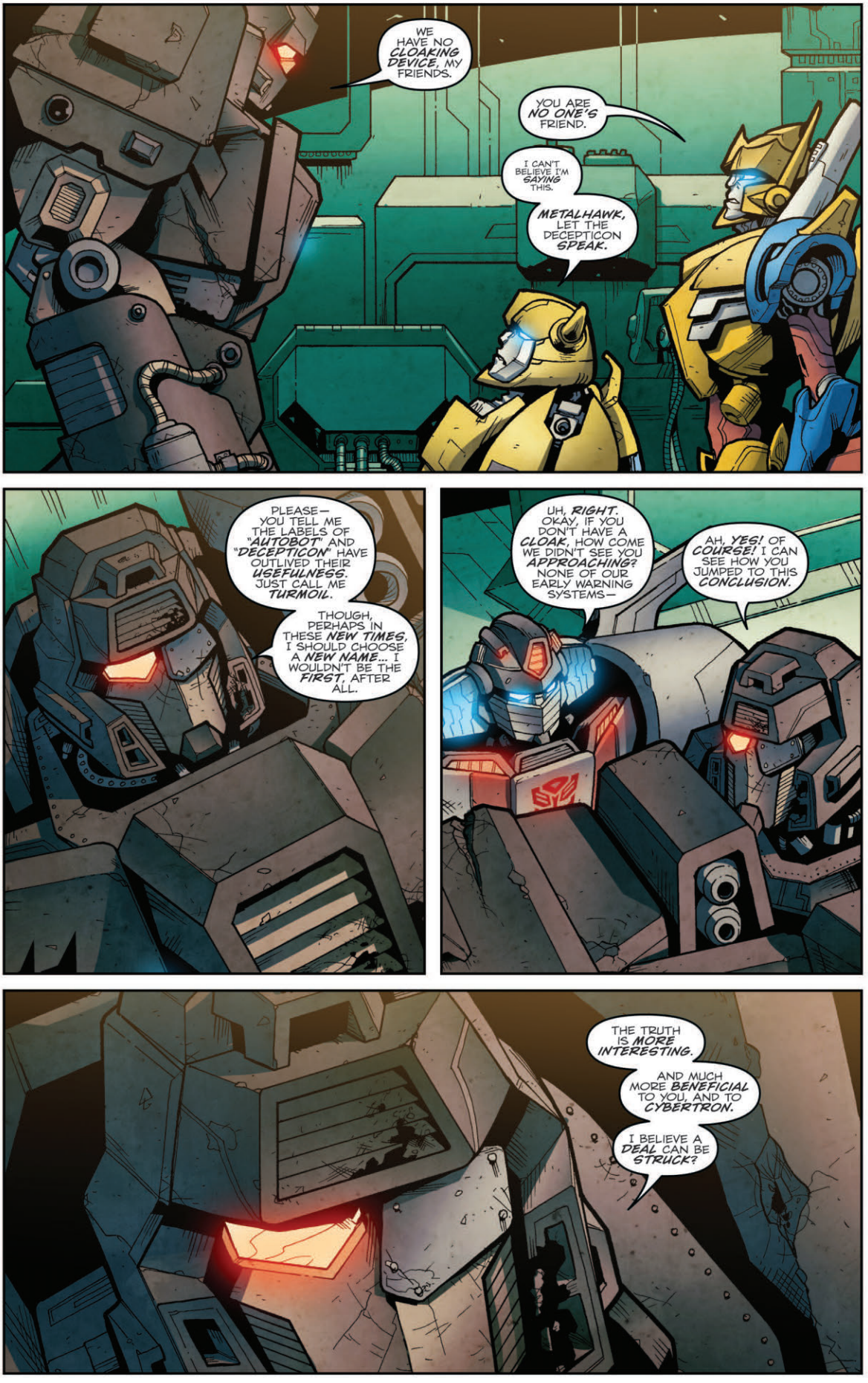
STILL...



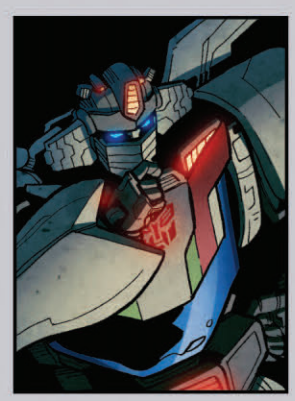
...WAS HE REALLY TELLING THE **TRUTH**?



BECAUSE THIS **ISN'T** A CLOAKING DEVICE...


WE HAVE NO CLOAKING DEVICE, MY FRIENDS.
YOU ARE NO ONE'S FRIEND.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS.
METALHAWK, LET THE DECEPTICON SPEAK.
PLEASE— YOU TELL ME THE LABELS OF "AUTOBOT" AND "DECEPTICON" HAVE OUTLIVED THEIR USEFULNESS. JUST CALL ME TURMOIL.
THOUGH, PERHAPS IN THESE NEW TIMES, I SHOULD CHOOSE A NEW NAME... I WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST, AFTER ALL.
UH, RIGHT. OKAY, IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CLOAK, HOW COME WE DIDN'T SEE YOU APPROACHING? NONE OF OUR EARLY WARNING SYSTEMS—
AH, YES! OF COURSE! I CAN SEE HOW YOU JUMPED TO THIS CONCLUSION.
THE TRUTH IS MORE INTERESTING.
AND MUCH MORE BENEFICIAL TO YOU, AND TO CYBERTRON.
I BELIEVE A DEAL CAN BE STRUCK?

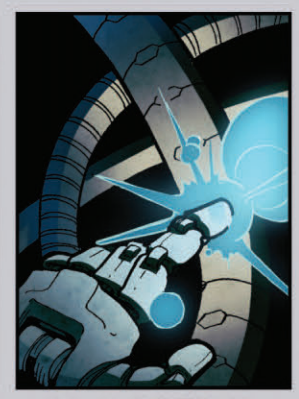
WHAT KIND OF A DEAL?
MERELY THAT WE BE ALLOWED TO LIVE ON OUR HOMEWORLD, WITHOUT PREJUDICE OR REPRISAL.
NO, BUMBLEBEE, DON'T TRUST HIM. I WAS CAUGHT IN HIS CAMPAIGN ON DABOLA.
HE PUMMELED OUR FORCES FOR MONTHS...
...THEN ORDERED THE EXTERMINATION OF ALL OF US.
I WATCHED MY BROTHERS DIE AROUND ME. HIS FORCES WERE RUTHLESS.
IT WAS—TURMOIL WAS THE REASON I LEFT THE WAR. THE REASON I—AND MY PEOPLE—FOLLOWED THE CRYSTAL CITY INTO DEEP SPACE.
INTO PEACE.
OH BOY.
STARSCREAM...
DON'T "STARSCREAM" ME, GOLDENROD. YOU SHOULD'VE TOLD HIM.
TOLD ME...?
TOLD YOU IT WAS NOT I...
...IT WAS MY SECOND-IN-COMMAND, DISOBEYING MY ORDERS, WHO MASSACRED THE AUTOBOTS ON DABOLA.
I HEARD HE IS NO LONGER WITH US, BUT PERHAPS YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO MEET HIM BEFORE HE PASSED ON?
HE LEFT ME, AND JOINED THE AUTOBOTS. I BELIEVE HE, TOO, WAS A FOLLOWER OF THE PHILOSOPHIES OF THE CRYSTAL CITY.
HE CALLED HIMSELF DRIFT.



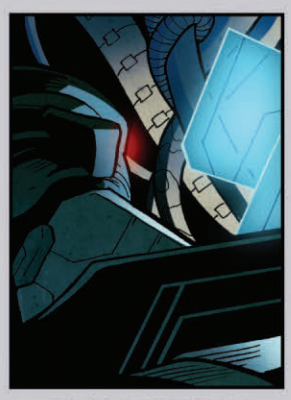
NOW **THAT'S** A SURPRISE.

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THIS THING **IS**, BUT IT **CAN'T** BE A CLOAK.

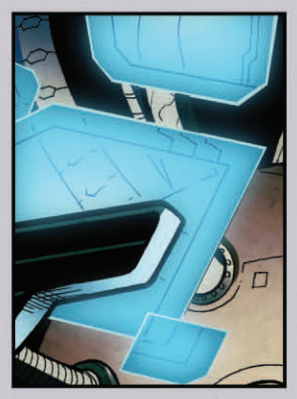
NONE OF THE MECHANISMS MAKE **SENSE**.



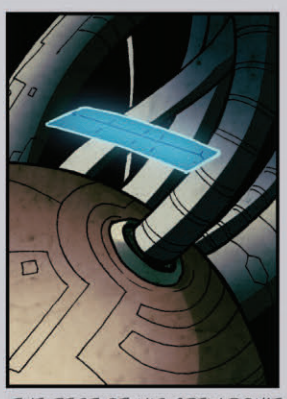
AND IT'S **CLEARLY** NOT CYBERTRONIAN.



THAT PART DOESN'T SURPRISE ME...

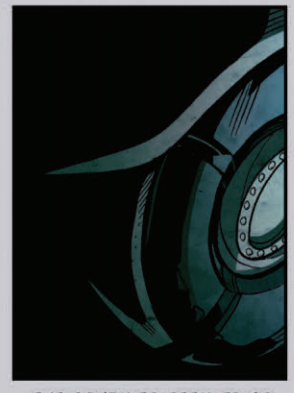


...TURMOIL WAS A **BRUTAL WARLORD**, NOT A **ROCKET SCIENTIST**.



THE REST OF HIS CREW DON'T STRIKE ME AS BEING REAL **HIGH-SCORERS** IN THE **BRAIN-GAME**, EITHER.

SO **WHO** BUILT THIS, AND **WHAT** IS IT?

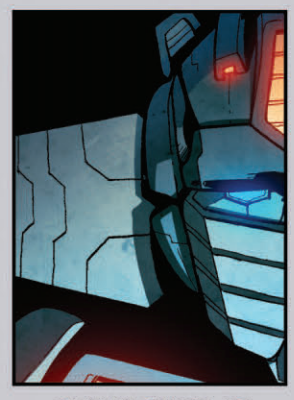


THE CONDUITS SEEM TO GO **ALL ACROSS** THE SHIP. SO THIS IS **DEFINITELY** WHAT CAUSED THE **EFFECT**.

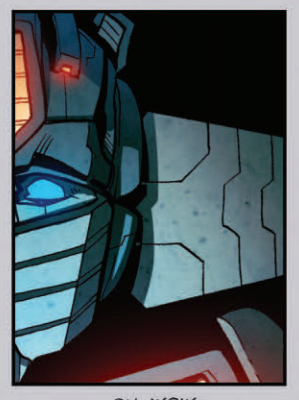
BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT'S GOING TO **BEND PHOTONS**...

...OR **PROJECT IMAGES**, OR CREATE **INTERFERENCE PATTERNS**, OR **ANYTHING** LIKE THAT.

THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING I'D USE TO DETECT **FASTER-THAN-LIGHT** PARTICLES.

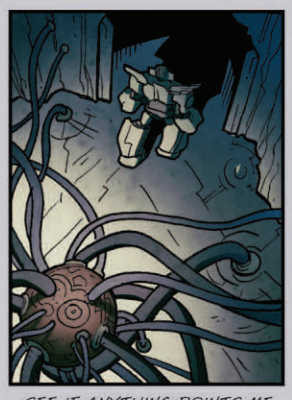


TACHYON PULSES, OR QUANTUM SIGNALS, OR...



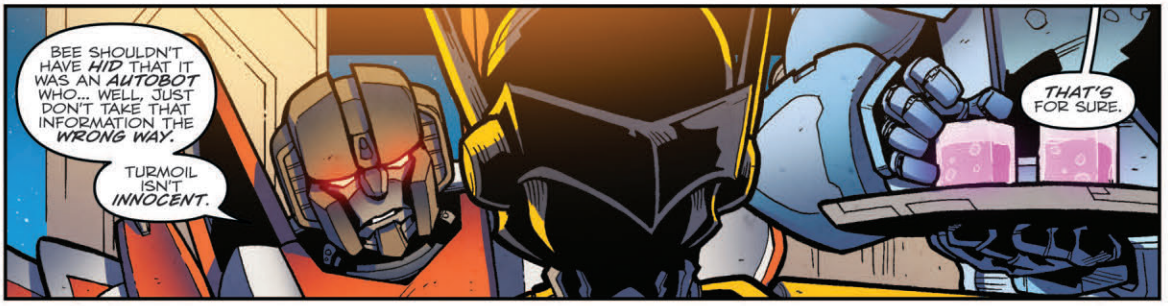
...OH, **WOW**.

NOW **THAT'S** INTERESTING. I GOT THE "**WHAT**." NOW MAYBE I CAN FIND A CLUE ABOUT THE "**WHO**."



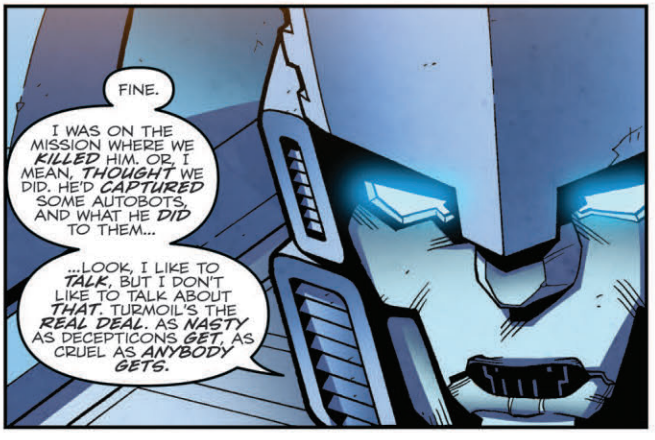
SEE IF ANYTHING POINTS ME IN THE DIRECTION OF WHO BUILT TURMOIL A **TIME MACHINE**.

LIFE'S JOURNEY SEEKS TO FIND US
A NEW WORLD WE HAVE FOUND
WILL ALWAYS REMIND US
WAR AND KILLING BEHIND US
ENEMY EYES ALL 'ROUND
WILL ALWAYS REMIND US
MACCADAM'S
OLD OIL HOUSE
YECH. WHY DO THE WORDS ALL SOUND THE SAME?
YOU WERE UNCHARACTERISTICALLY SILENT EARLIER, STARSCREAM.
YEAH, WELL, FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING, I GUESS.
I WOULD THINK YOU'D WANT MORE OF YOUR DECEPTICON BROTHERS...
HA. YOU KNOW, I REALLY DO LIKE YOU. YOUR OUTLOOK IS... IT'S TOTALLY OUTSIDE OF MY FRAME OF REFERENCE.
EVEN THE BEST DECEPTICONS AREN'T EXACTLY "BROTHERS." AND, SIR, I WAS NEVER THE BEST OF DECEPTICONS.
I'VE GOT—WE'VE ALL GOT—A GOOD THING GOING. I DON'T WANT TO SEE TURMOIL COMING IN AND WAVING HIS BIG CANNON AROUND AND RUINING EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.
WE HAVE A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING NEW. IF THIS JUST TURNS INTO DECEPTICONS VERSUS AUTOBOTS... WELL, WE'LL NEVER HAVE THIS CHANCE AGAIN.
AND I ALSO DON'T WANT TO SEE IT TURN INTO YOU AGAINST THE AUTOBOTS.


BEE SHOULDN'T HAVE HID THAT IT WAS AN AUTOBOT WHO... WELL, JUST DON'T TAKE THAT INFORMATION THE WRONG WAY.
TURMOIL ISN'T INNOCENT.
THAT'S FOR SURE.

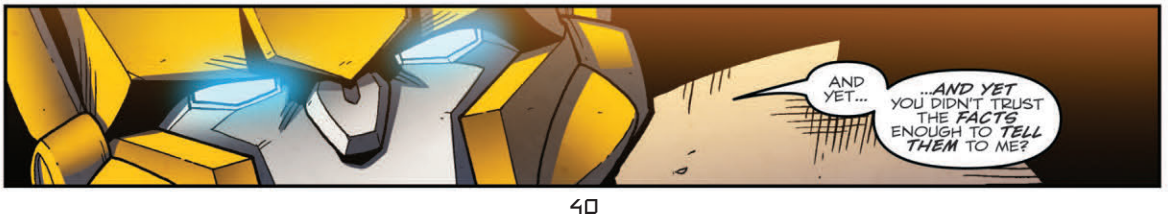
WHY, HI THERE, BLURR. FANCY RUNNING INTO YOU AT YOUR OWN BAR.
IS THIS WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, STARSCREAM?
JUST LISTEN TO THE GUY. HE'S AS PEACEFUL AS... WELL, YOU.
SHUT UP, STARSCREAM. IT WON'T TAKE MUCH OUT OF YOU TO GET ME TO RECONSIDER MY POSITION ON KILLING DECEPTICONS.

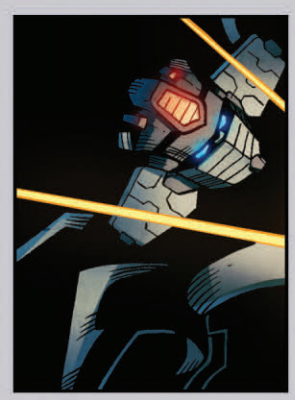
YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME—I'LL BE HELPING RUN THE PLANET.
ANYWAY... TURMOIL?


FINE.
I WAS ON THE MISSION WHERE WE KILLED HIM. OR, I MEAN, THOUGHT WE DID. HE'D CAPTURED SOME AUTOBOTS, AND WHAT HE DID TO THEM...
...LOOK, I LIKE TO TALK, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THAT. TURMOIL'S THE REAL DEAL. AS NASTY AS DECEPTICONS GET, AS CRUEL AS ANYBODY GETS.

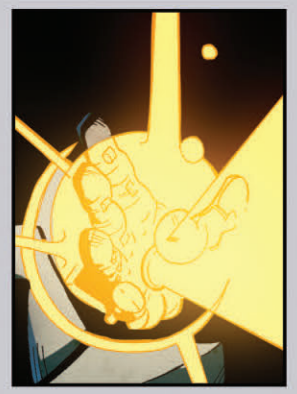
WE THOUGHT HE WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP, BUT WE HAD WOUNDED. WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LOOK.
THE IDEA THAT HE'S BEEN OUT THERE, DOING WHO-KNOWS-WHAT FOR YEARS... THAT'S... THAT'S HARD TO TAKE.
AND DRIFT?

YEAH. THAT WAS THE MISSION WHERE WE MET HIM. WE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS...
...BUT WE KNEW HE WAS VALIANT. WE KNEW HE WAS HONORABLE.


AND YET...
...AND YET YOU DIDN'T TRUST THE FACTS ENOUGH TO TELL THEM TO ME?



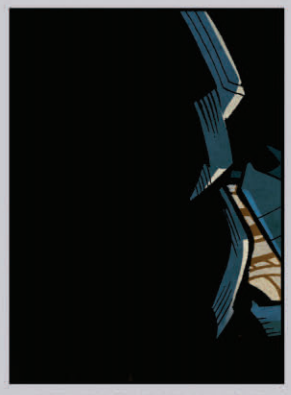
I CAN'T IMAGINE **ANYBODY** WHO KNEW **ANYTHING** ABOUT TURMOIL WOULD HELP **HIM.**



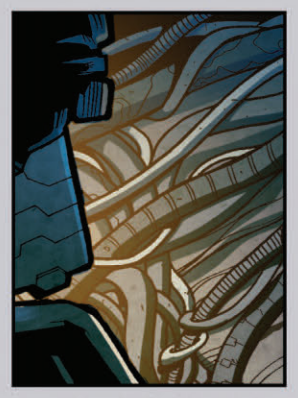
HIS BRUTALITY WAS **LEGENDARY** DURING THE WAR—

—AND NOT JUST AMONG **CYBERTRONIANS.**

HIS CRUELTY SPREAD TO **DOZENS** OF INHABITED SYSTEMS...



...OR, SYSTEMS THAT **WERE** INHABITED WHEN HE **STARTED.**

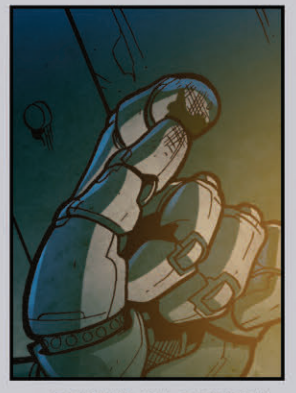


WHO WOULD GIVE HIM A **DEVICE** THAT... THAT BENDS **TIME?**

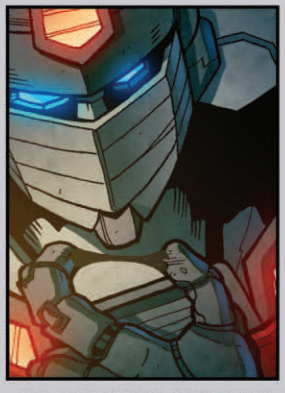
IT'S NOT SO FAR-FETCHED... GRAVITY PARTICLES **DILATE** TIME.

BUT THIS LET TURMOIL SLIP INTO CYBERTRONIAN ORBIT BY MOVING **LATERALLY** THROUGH TIME.

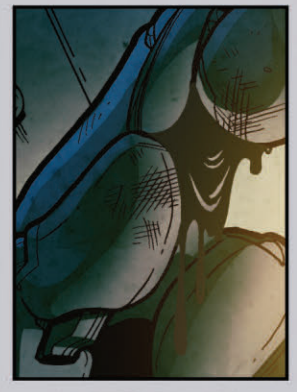
IF SPACE IS THE **X, Y,** AND **Z** PLANES, TIME EXISTS AT A **RIGHT ANGLE** TO ALL THREE—



—POINTING IN A DIRECTION WE CAN'T **SEE.**

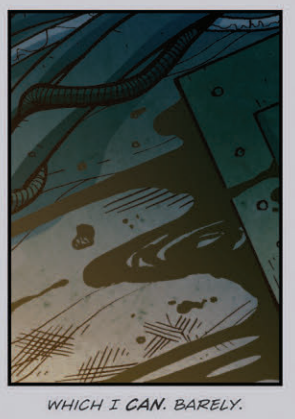


HIS SHIP MOVED AT A RIGHT ANGLE TO **THAT**—AT AN ANGLE THAT WE CAN'T EVEN **PERCEIVE.**

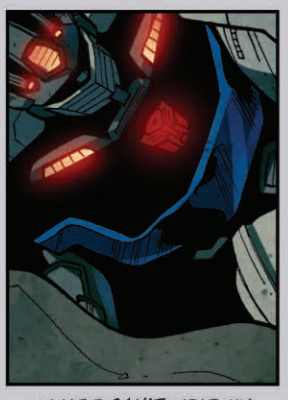


THAT OFFERS A **REAL STRATEGIC** ADVANTAGE IN A BATTLE.

IF YOU CAN WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND THE **POSSIBILITIES.** THAT IS.



WHICH I **CAN.** BARELY.



WHAT I **CAN'T** WRAP MY HEAD AROUND...

...IS WHAT TURMOIL WOULD BE DOING WITH **BIOLOGICAL FOODSTUFFS.**

YOU DON'T TRUST HIM, DO YOU?
I MEAN, I SAW WHAT HE DID TO THOSE PRISONERS—
I KNOW. I KNOW...
...I MEAN, NOT TO DISMISS YOUR EXPERIENCE, BROADSIDE. SORRY.
IT'S JUST—
YOU KNOW.
YEAH.
WHAT IF HE REALLY DOES JUST WANT TO GIVE US THE CLOAKING DEVICE AND LIVE HERE IN PEACE?
THEN WE APOLOGIZE LATER. IT WON'T COME TO THAT. HE PROBABLY HAS DOZENS OF CLOAKED SOLDIERS WALKING AROUND THE CITY, GETTING READY TO SPRING ON US.
WELL, WHAT ABOUT METALHAWK? HE LOOKED BETRAYED. NO, HE WAS BETRAYED.
WE SHOULD'VE TRUSTED HIM WITH THE TRUTH.
WHAT WOULD THAT HAVE GOTTEN US? HE ALREADY HATES AUTOBOTS AS MUCH AS HE HATES DECEPTICONS.
BUT YOU CAN'T DENY THAT WE MADE IT SOUND LIKE THE DECEPTICONS WERE THE UNTRUSTWORTHY ONES...
BECAUSE THEY ARE! ARE YOU NUTS, WHEELJACK?
NO... BUT I DO HAVE A PLAN.
I WANT TO GO IN. I WANT TO SEE FOR MYSELF IF TURMOIL IS LYING.

I TRUST MY **EYES.** I TRUST MY **INSTINCTS.**

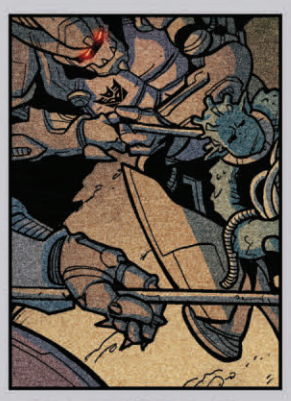
BUT I NEED **CONFIRMATION.**

I HACK INTO THE **COMPUTER NETWORK** AND ACCESS THE **LOGS.**

JUST WHAT I **EXPECTED:**

NO WAY TO ACCESS WHAT HAPPENED FOR A **YEAR-LONG WINDOW,** RIGHT UP TO **LAST MONTH.**

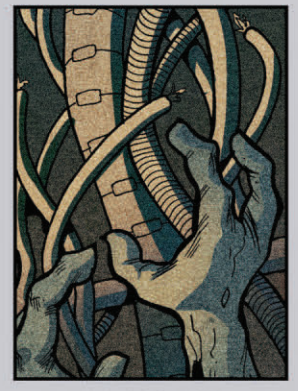
NO WAY UNLESS THIS TERMINAL GAVE ME ACCESS TO A **TIME MACHINE,** THAT IS.



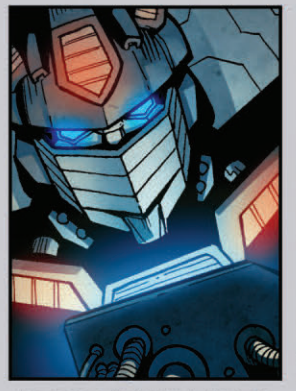
OKAY. SO **HERE** WE ARE. VIDEO.

UGLY LITTLE GUYS, BUT I **FEEL** FOR 'EM. TURMOIL MUST'A JUST **GRABBED 'EM.**

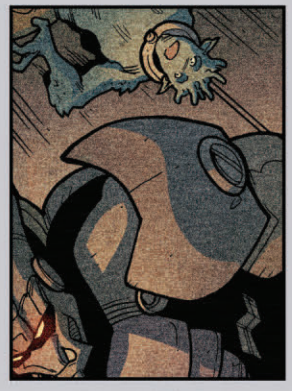
WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE **BENEFIT** OF THE **DOUBT.**



WHO **ARE** THEY?



HOW DO THEY KNOW HOW TO **MAKE** SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



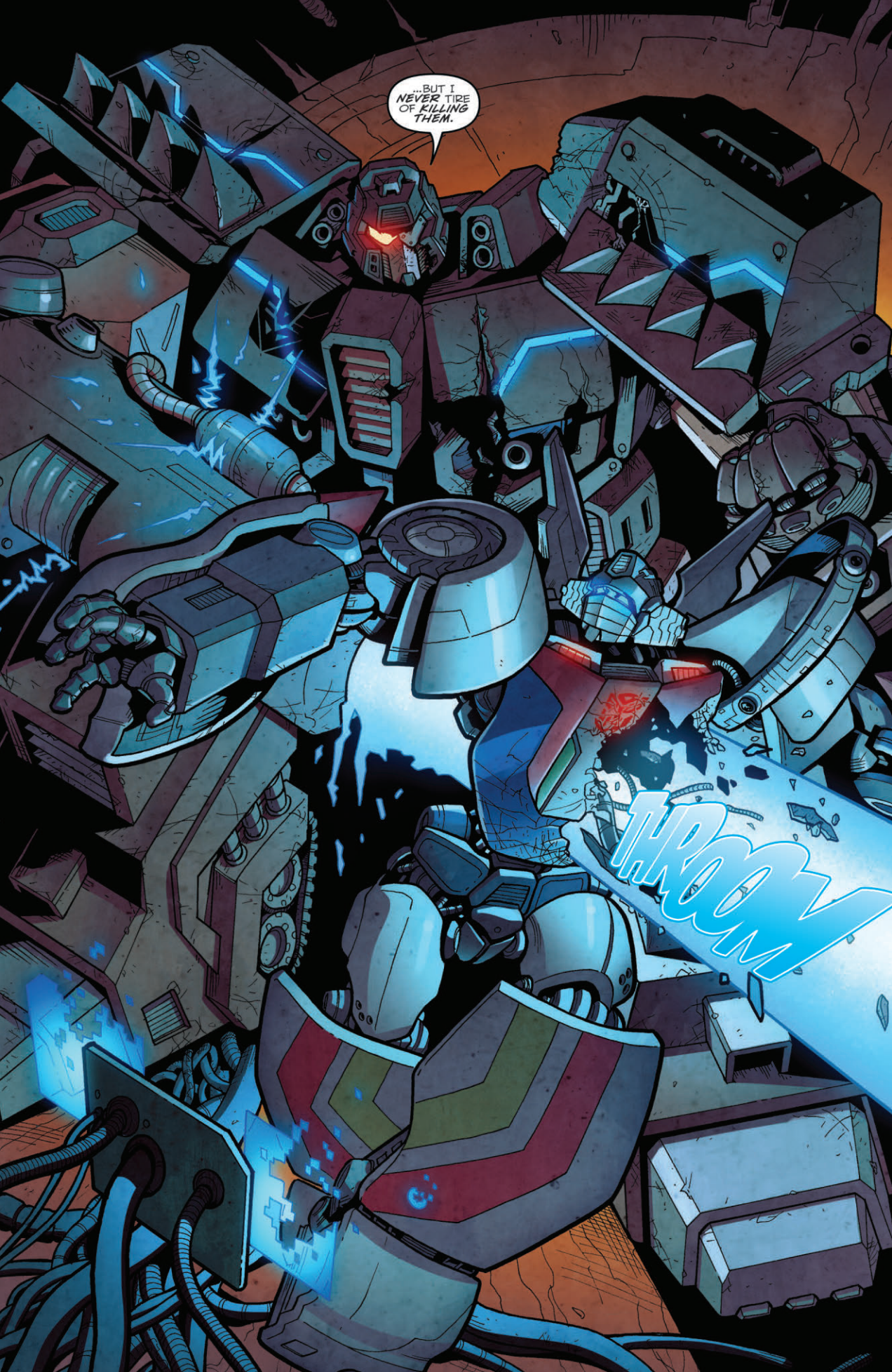
AND WHAT ARE THE DECEPTICONS **DOING** WITH...

...NO... THE TIMESTAMP...

...THIS IS WHEN THEY GOT THE **SIGNAL** THAT CYBERTRON WAS **ALIVE** AGAIN.

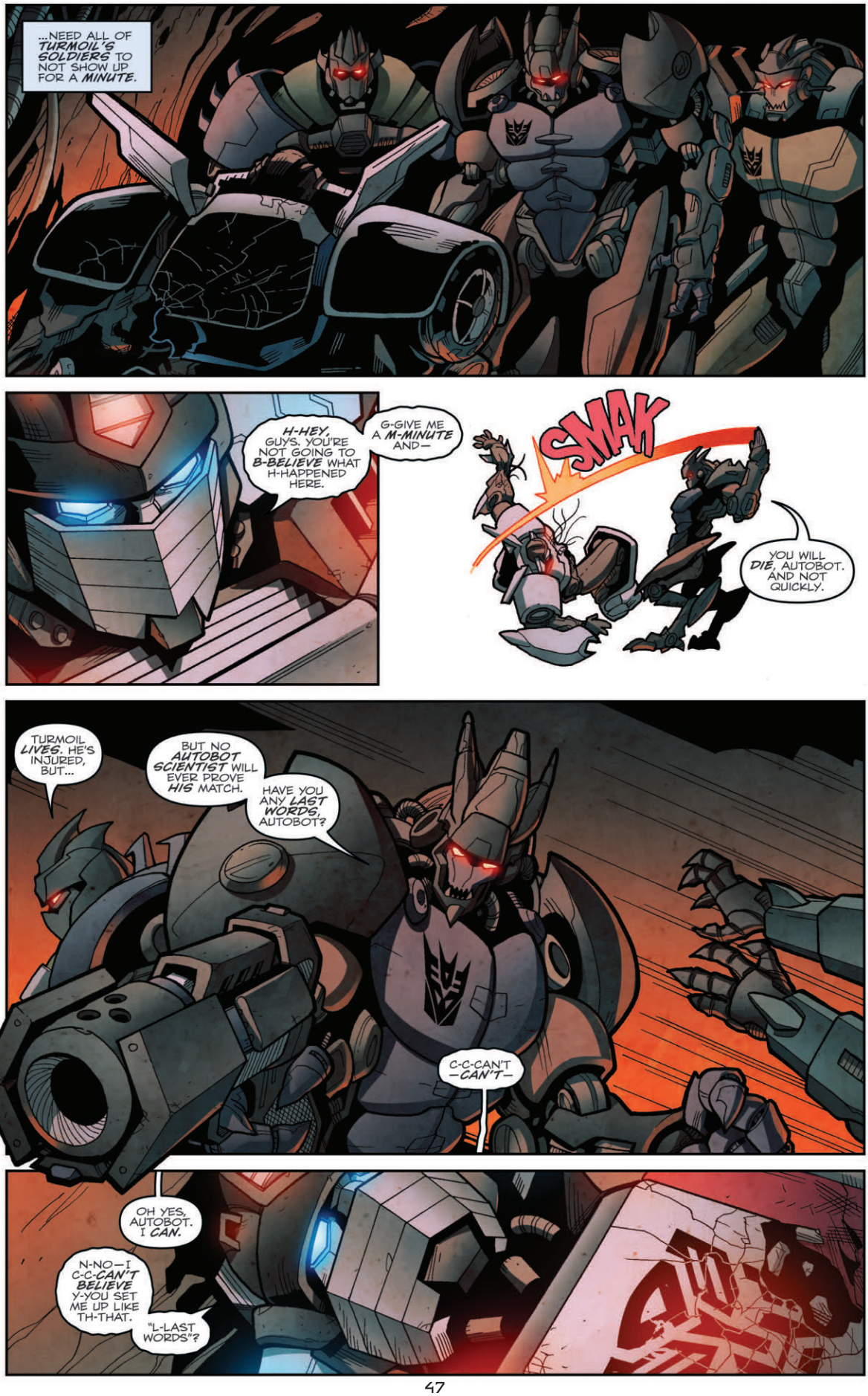
THEY USED THE ALIENS TO **BUILD** THIS MACHINE...

...AND THEY **DUMPED THEM** INTO **SPACE** SO WE WOULDN'T **FIND OUT.**

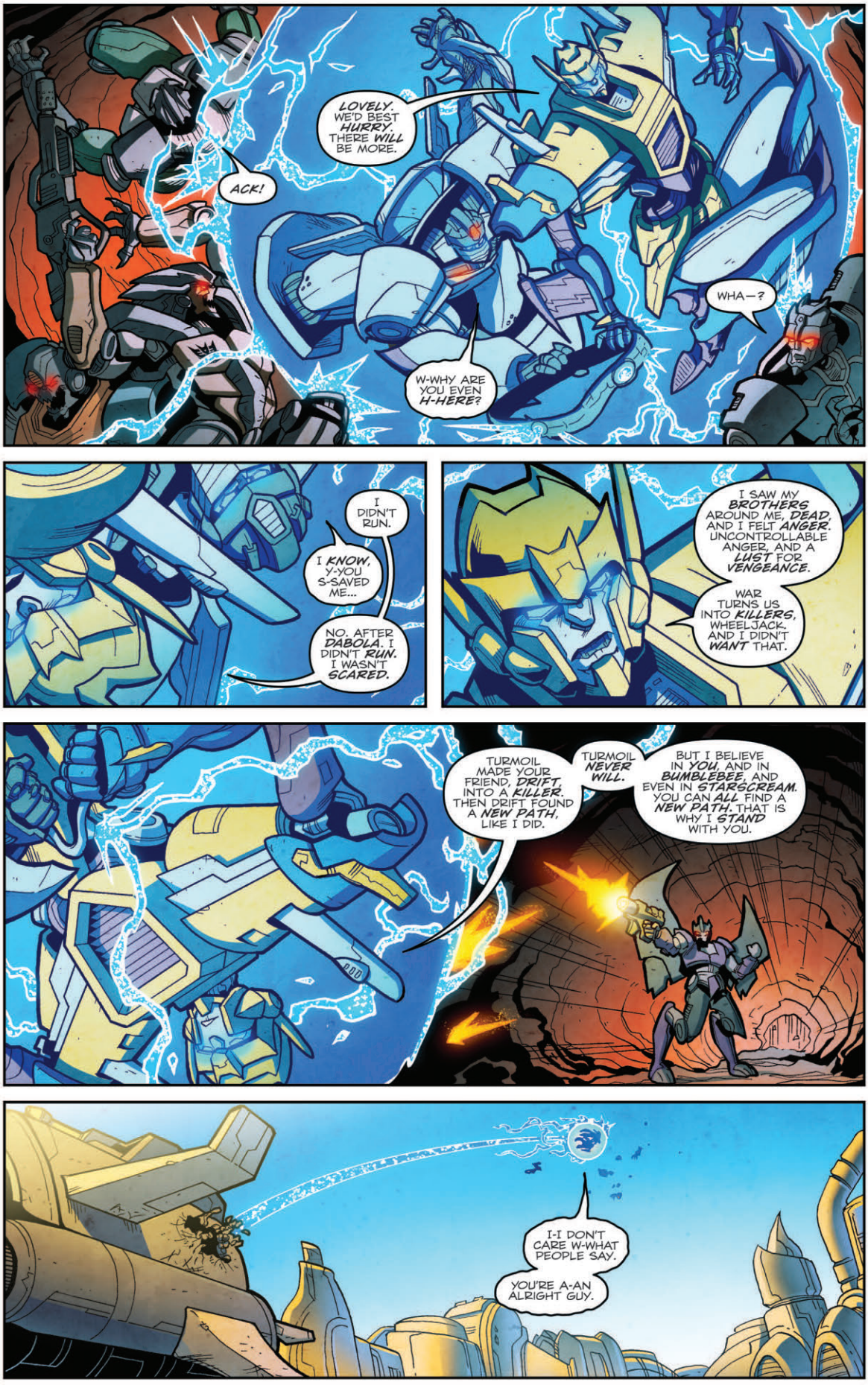

...BUT I NEVER TIRE OF KILLING THEM.
FROOM

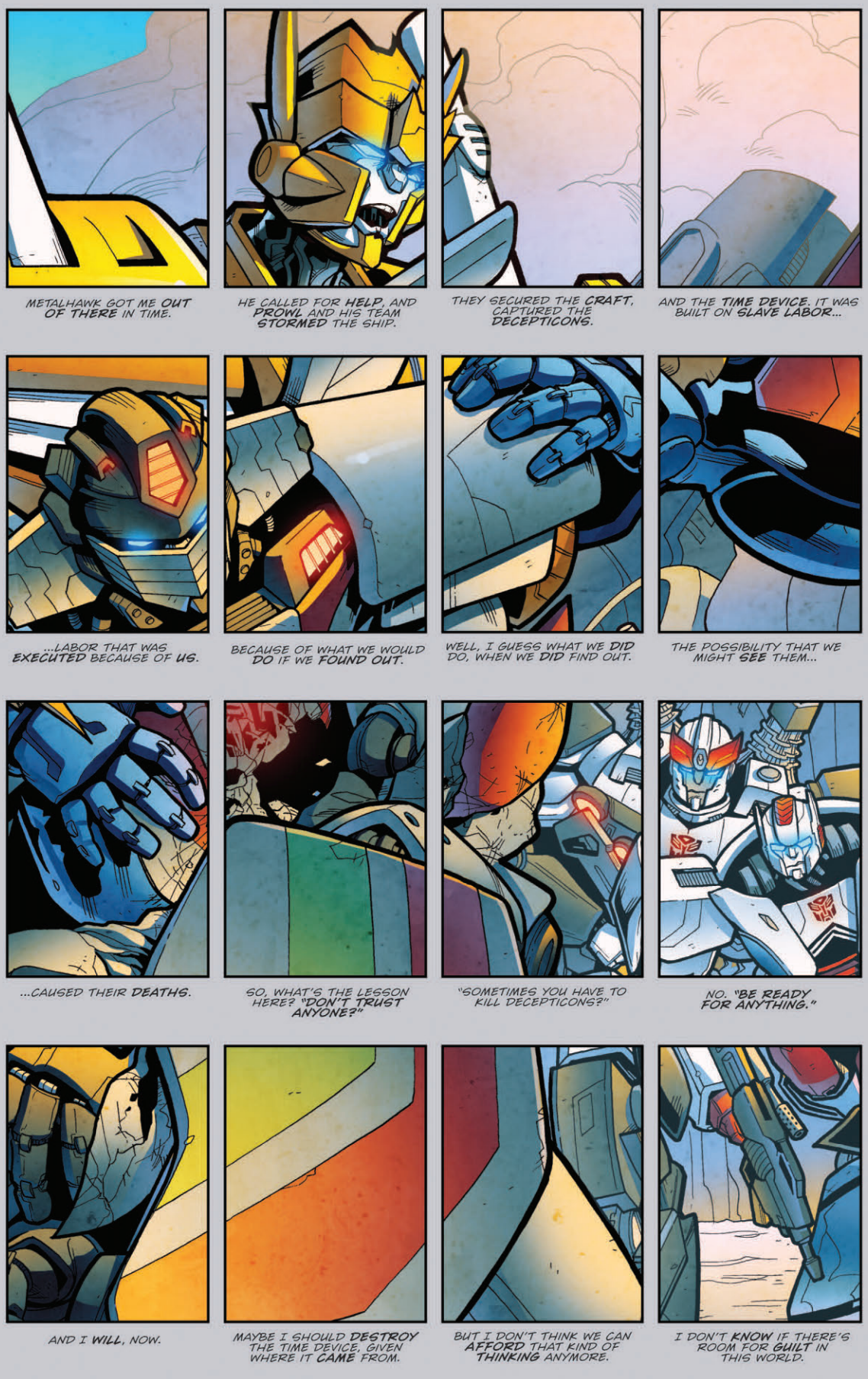
WELCOME ABOARD, WHOEVER-YOU-ARE. I SUPPOSE A MODICUM OF TRUST WAS TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR.
AND KNOWING WHAT YOU KNOW...
...PEACE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
AH. THE COMMUNICATOR.
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, AUTOBOT.
SKRUNCH
SNAP
D-DON'T WORRY...

ATTACK
...I'LL FIND S-SOMETHING ELSE TO ENTERTAIN MYSELF W-WITH.
NO! YOU WON'T ESCAPE, AUTOBOT!
OH, HEY, DON'T SHOOT YOUR GUN INSIDE THE CONTAINMENT FIELD.
WOOPH
AW, I'M SURE YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
YEAH, KEEP UP THE BRAVE THOUGHTS.
I THINK I CAN MANUFACTURE A WAY OUT OF HERE, I JUST...


...NEED ALL OF TURMOIL'S SOLDIERS TO NOT SHOW UP FOR A MINUTE.
H-HEY, GUYS. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO B-BELIEVE WHAT H-HAPPENED HERE.
G-GIVE ME A M-MINUTE AND—
SMAK
YOU WILL DIE, AUTOBOT. AND NOT QUICKLY.
TURMOIL LIVES. HE'S INJURED, BUT...
BUT NO AUTOBOT SCIENTIST WILL EVER PROVE HIS MATCH.
HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS, AUTOBOT?
C-C-CAN'T —CAN'T—
OH YES, AUTOBOT. I CAN.
N-NO—I C-C-CAN'T BELIEVE Y-YOU SET ME UP LIKE TH-THAT.
"L-LAST WORDS"?

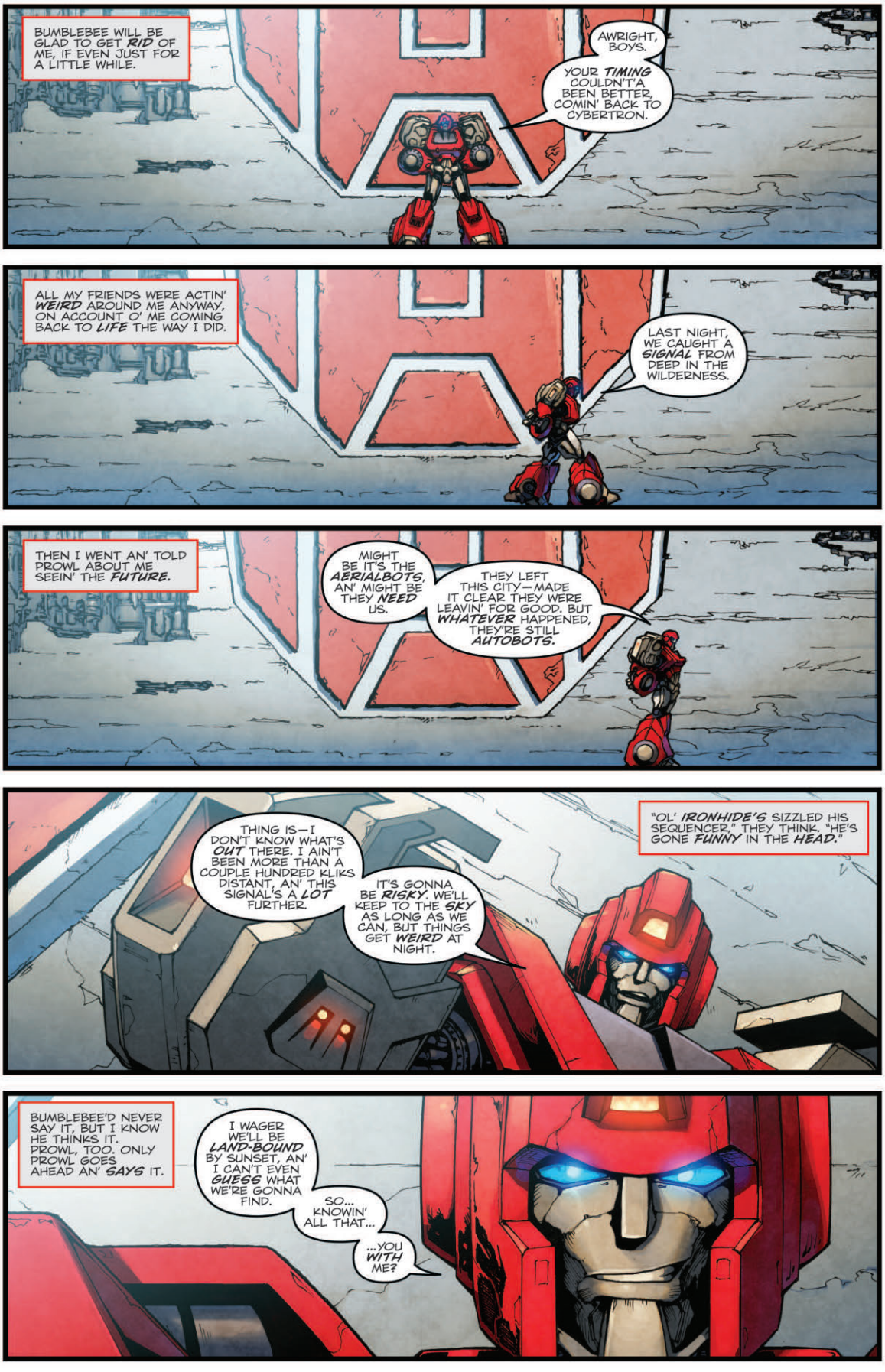
H-HOW ABOUT "HI, M-METALHAWK."
SHUFFF
S-SO MUCH FOR P-PACIFISM...?
THEY'LL LIVE. WE MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
N-NO, GRAB TH-THE HARNESS.
SHUFFF
AND?
H-HANG ON...
TO WHAT?
IT.
AWWGGH!
ZTTAAAK

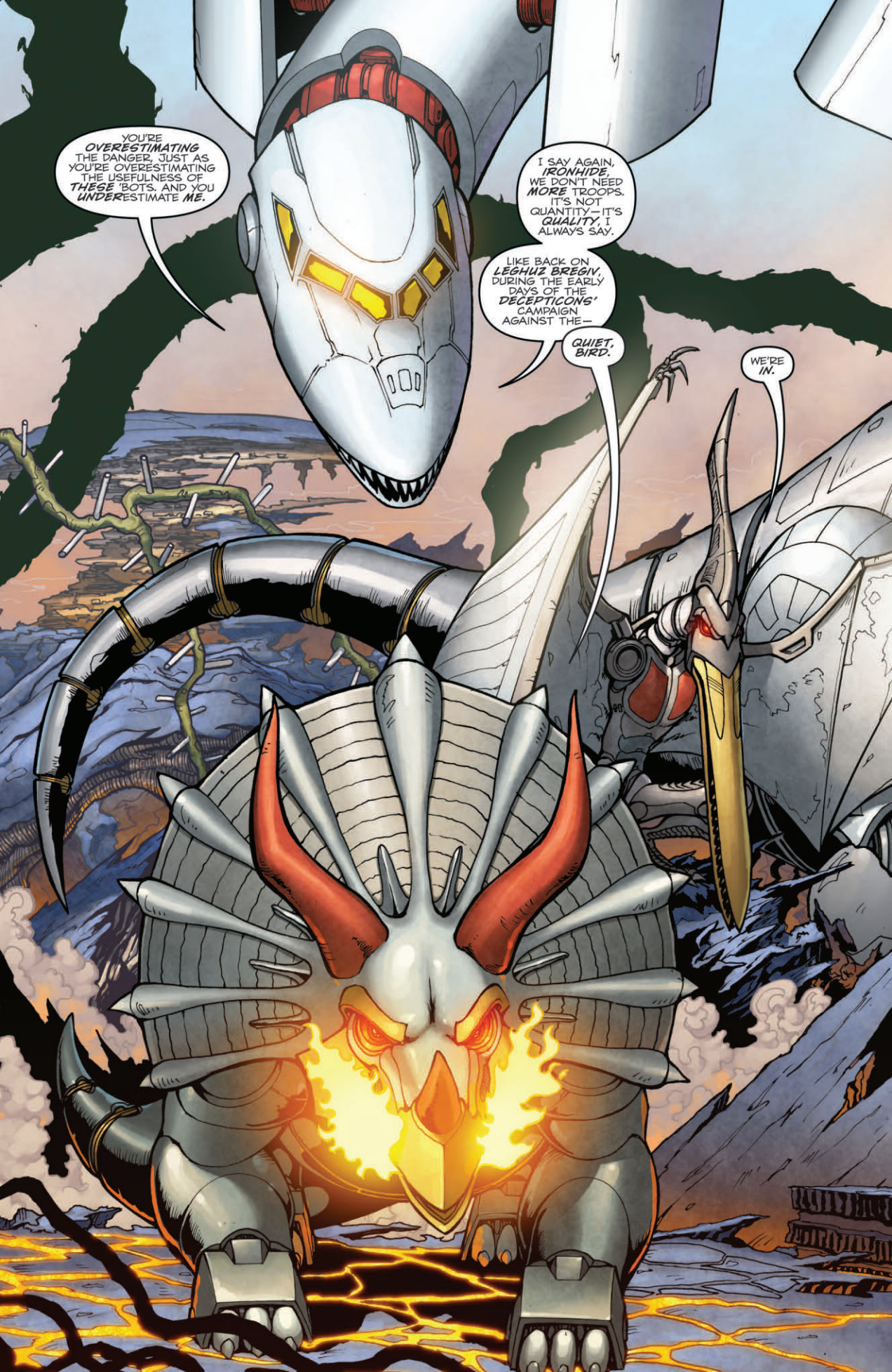

ACK!
LOVELY. WE'D BEST HURRY. THERE WILL BE MORE.
W-WHY ARE YOU EVEN H-HERE?
WHA—?
I DIDN'T RUN.
I KNOW, Y-YOU S-SAVED ME...
NO. AFTER DABOLA, I DIDN'T RUN. I WASN'T SCARED.
I SAW MY BROTHERS AROUND ME, DEAD, AND I FELT ANGER. UNCONTROLLABLE ANGER, AND A LUST FOR VENGEANCE.
WAR TURNS US INTO KILLERS, WHEELJACK. AND I DIDN'T WANT THAT.
TURMOIL MADE YOUR FRIEND, DRIFT, INTO A KILLER. THEN DRIFT FOUND A NEW PATH, LIKE I DID.
TURMOIL NEVER WILL.
BUT I BELIEVE IN YOU, AND IN BUMBLEBEE, AND EVEN IN STARSCREAM. YOU CAN ALL FIND A NEW PATH. THAT IS WHY I STAND WITH YOU.
I-I DON'T CARE W-WHAT PEOPLE SAY.
YOU'RE A-AN ALRIGHT GUY.


METALHAWK GOT ME OUT OF THERE IN TIME.
HE CALLED FOR HELP, AND PROWL AND HIS TEAM STORMED THE SHIP.
THEY SECURED THE CRAFT, CAPTURED THE DECEPTICONS.
AND THE TIME DEVICE. IT WAS BUILT ON SLAVE LABOR...
...LABOR THAT WAS EXECUTED BECAUSE OF US.
BECAUSE OF WHAT WE WOULD DO IF WE FOUND OUT.
WELL, I GUESS WHAT WE DID DO, WHEN WE DID FIND OUT.
THE POSSIBILITY THAT WE MIGHT SEE THEM...
...CAUSED THEIR DEATHS.
SO, WHAT'S THE LESSON HERE? "DON'T TRUST ANYONE?"
"SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO KILL DECEPTICONS?"
NO. "BE READY FOR ANYTHING."
AND I WILL, NOW.
MAYBE I SHOULD DESTROY THE TIME DEVICE, GIVEN WHERE IT CAME FROM.
BUT I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD THAT KIND OF THINKING ANYMORE.
I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S ROOM FOR GUILT IN THIS WORLD.

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #7 COVER B
BY **CASEY COLLER** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #8 COVER A
BY **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

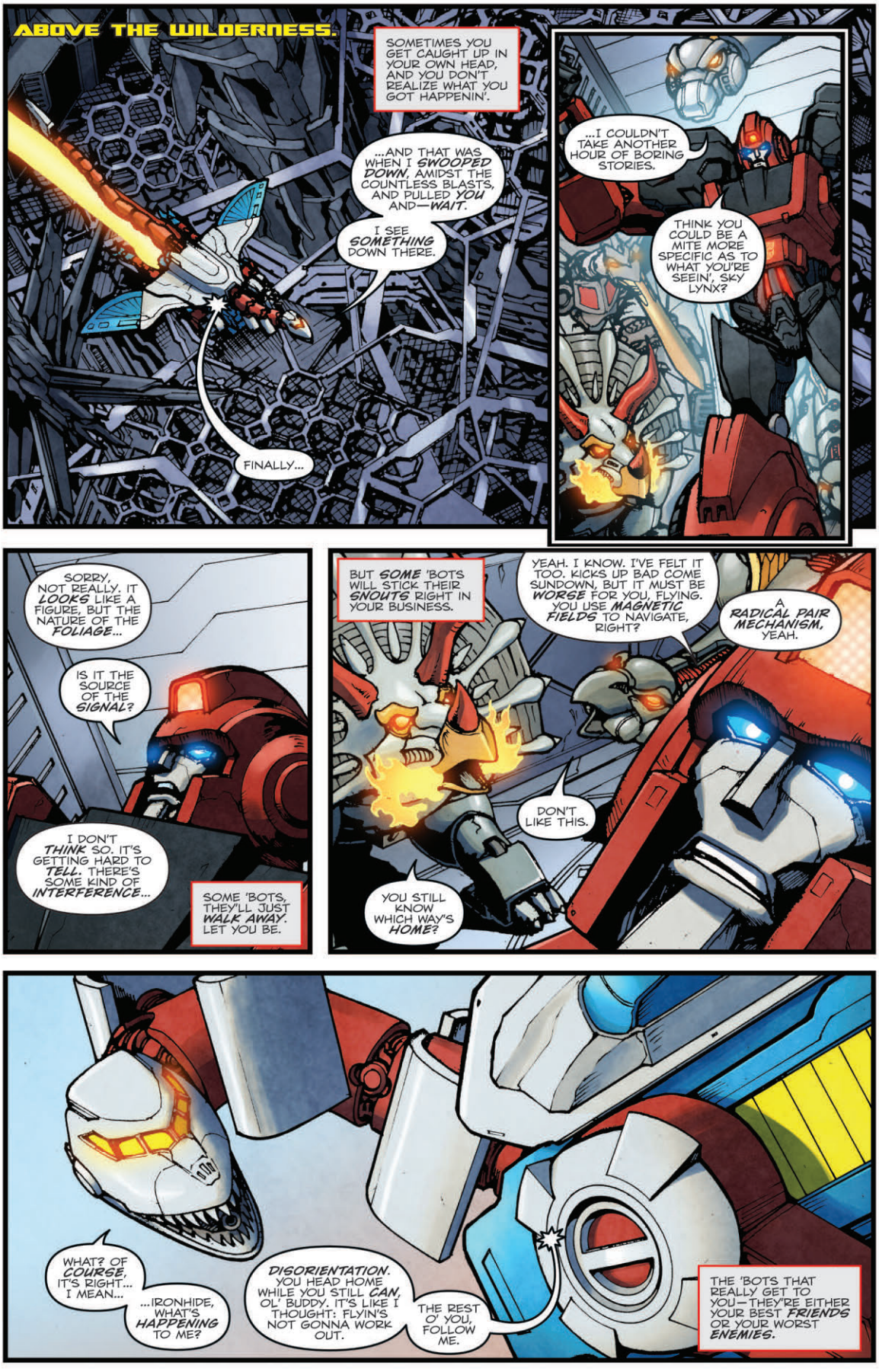

BUMBLEBEE WILL BE GLAD TO GET RID OF ME, IF EVEN JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
AWRIGHT, BOYS.
YOUR TIMING COULDN'T'A BEEN BETTER, COMIN' BACK TO CYBERTRON.
ALL MY FRIENDS WERE ACTIN' WEIRD AROUND ME ANYWAY, ON ACCOUNT O' ME COMING BACK TO LIFE THE WAY I DID.
LAST NIGHT, WE CAUGHT A SIGNAL FROM DEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.
THEN I WENT AN' TOLD PROWL ABOUT ME SEEIN' THE FUTURE.
MIGHT BE IT'S THE AERIALBOTS, AN' MIGHT BE THEY NEED US.
THEY LEFT THIS CITY—MADE IT CLEAR THEY WERE LEAVIN' FOR GOOD. BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED, THEY'RE STILL AUTOBOTS.
"OL' IRONHIDE'S SIZZLED HIS SEQUENCER," THEY THINK. "HE'S GONE FUNNY IN THE HEAD."
THING IS—I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE. I AIN'T BEEN MORE THAN A COUPLE HUNDRED KLIKS DISTANT, AN' THIS SIGNAL'S A LOT FURTHER.
IT'S GONNA BE RISKY. WE'LL KEEP TO THE SKY AS LONG AS WE CAN, BUT THINGS GET WEIRD AT NIGHT.
BUMBLEBEE'D NEVER SAY IT, BUT I KNOW HE THINKS IT. PROWL, TOO. ONLY PROWL GOES AHEAD AN' SAYS IT.
I WAGER WE'LL BE LAND-BOUND BY SUNSET, AN' I CAN'T EVEN GUESS WHAT WE'RE GONNA FIND.
SO... KNOWIN' ALL THAT...
...YOU WITH ME?

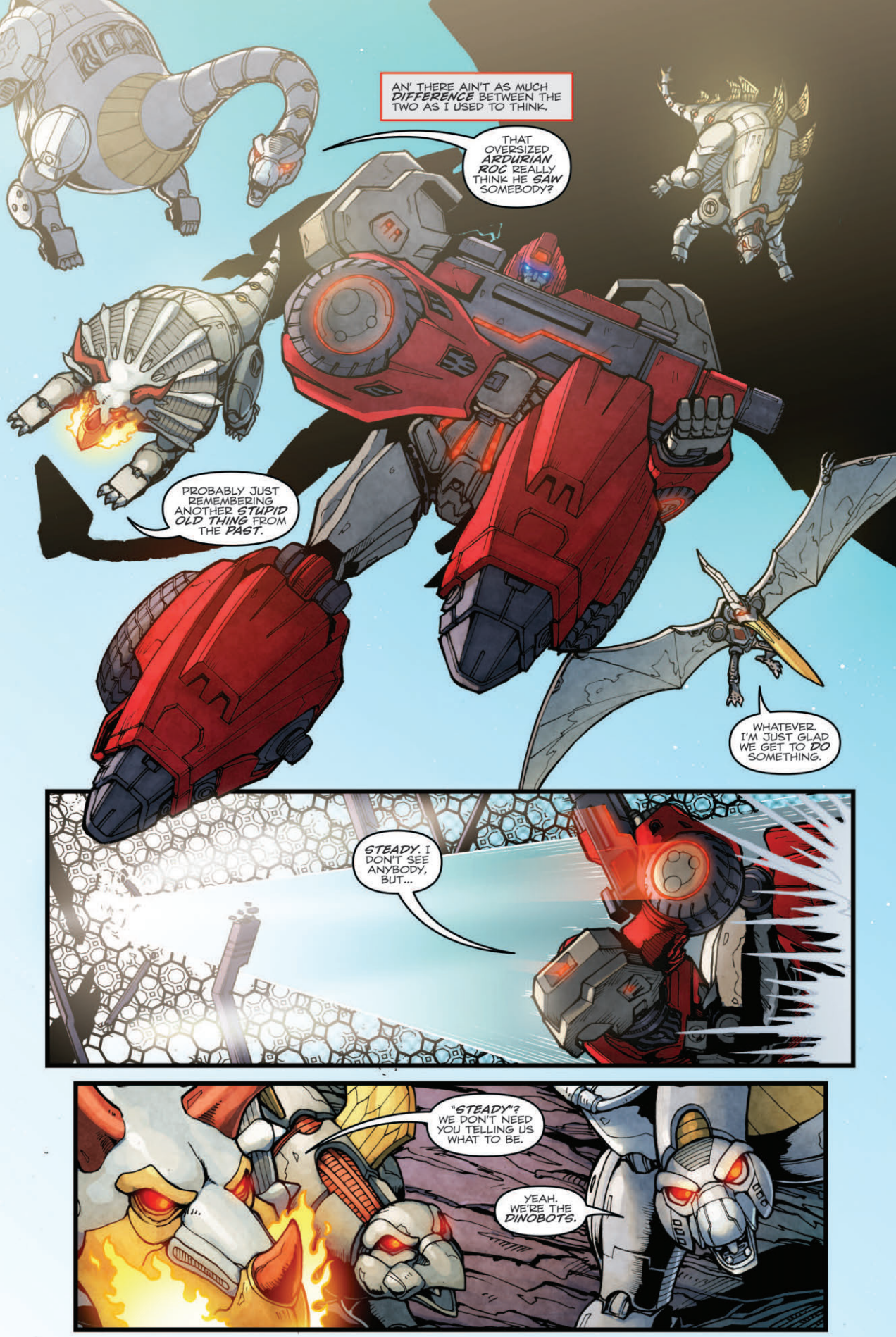

YOU'RE *OVERESTIMATING* THE DANGER, JUST AS YOU'RE OVERESTIMATING THE USEFULNESS OF *THESE* 'BOTS. AND YOU *UNDER*ESTIMATE *ME.*
I SAY AGAIN, *IRONHIDE,* WE DON'T NEED *MORE* TROOPS. IT'S NOT QUANTITY—IT'S *QUALITY,* I ALWAYS SAY.
LIKE BACK ON *LEGHUZ BREGIV,* DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE *DECEPTICONS'* CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE—
QUIET, BIRD.
WE'RE *IN.*

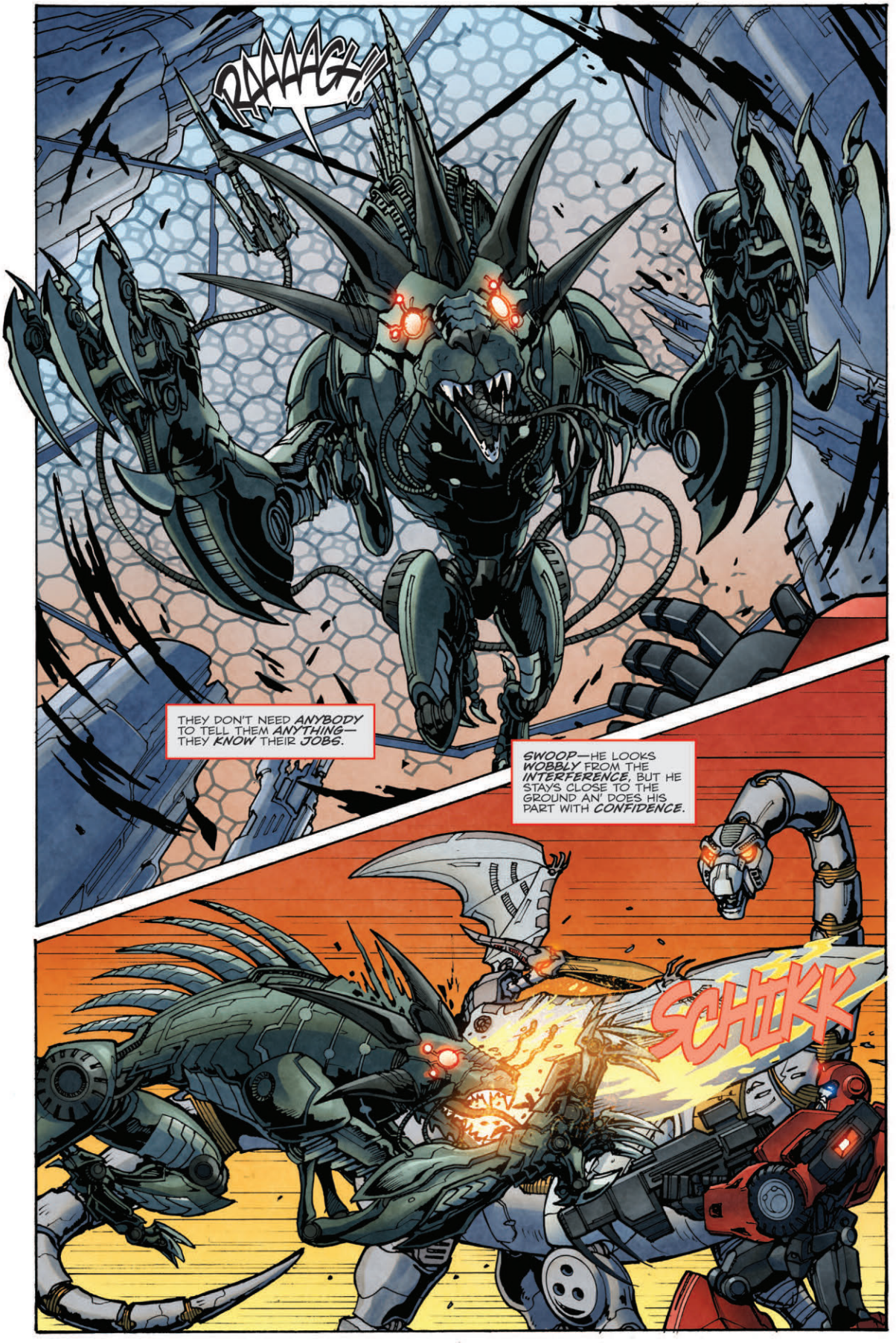
YEAH. WHY NOT? GOT NOTHIN' *BETTER* TO DO.
SKY LYNX DOESN'T GET IT, BUT THE *DINOBOTS* DO.
THEY'RE *WARRIORS*, THROUGH AN' THROUGH—AN' THEY KNOW THEY'RE NOT WANTED HERE ANY MORE'N ME. IT'S BEST IF WE *ALL* WENT AWAY FOR A WHILE.
IF WE CAN DO SOME *GOOD*—FIND SOME *AERIALBOTS*, SAVE SOME *LIVES*—ON THE WAY?
SO MUCH THE *BETTER*.
DINOBOT HUNT

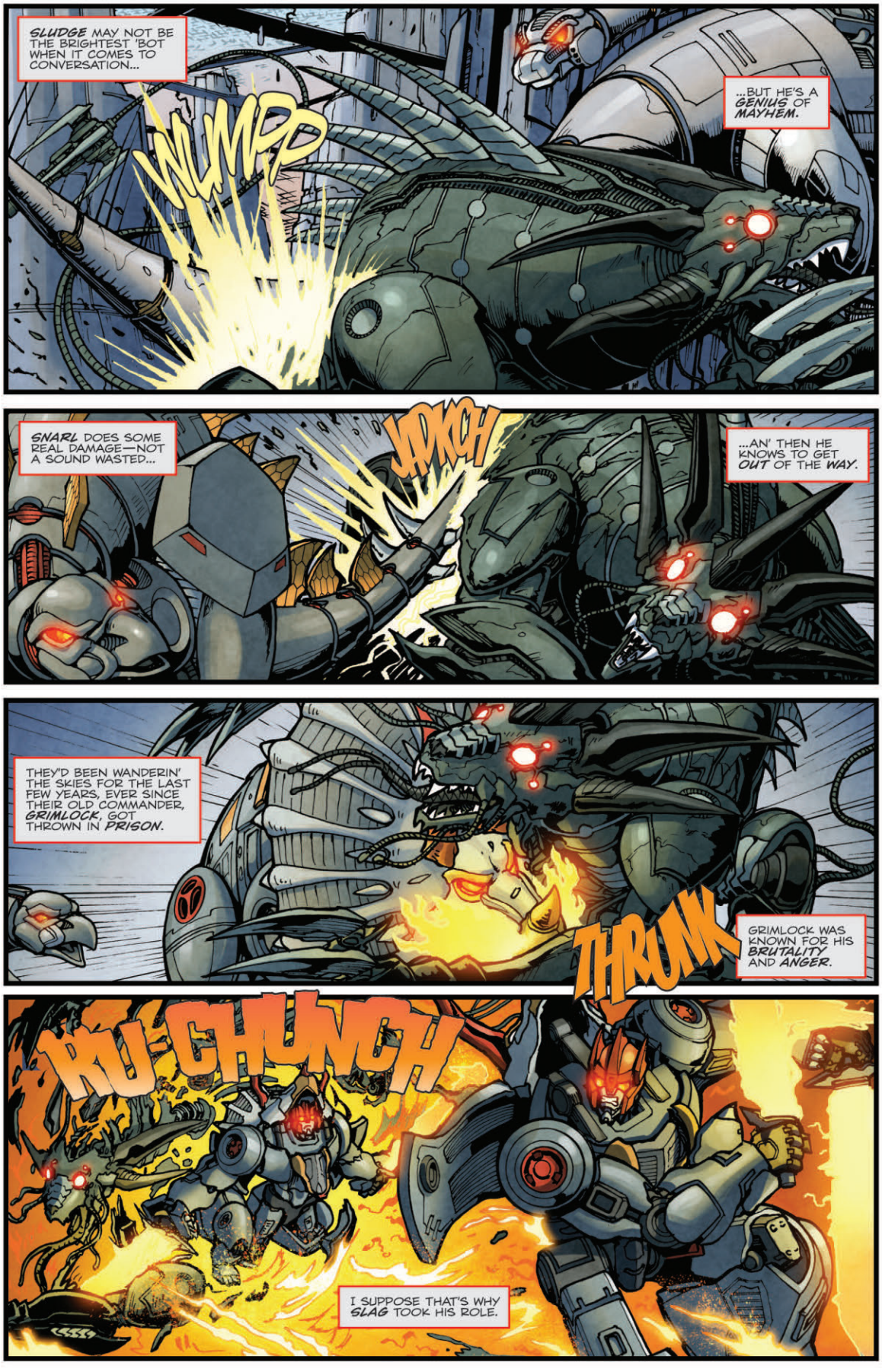
AND THERE THEY GO.
WHY, PROWL—IS THAT RELIEF I DETECT?
THE DINOBOTS MAKE ME NERVOUS.
TOO EMOTIONAL FOR MR. COLD AND CALCULATING?
THEY KEPT THEIR EARTH FORMS. THEY COULD BE BACK TO NORMAL LIKE THE REST OF US.
UH HUH.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
THIS IS NORMAL LIFE?
WHY, LOOK—IT'S METALHAWK.
AND, HI THERE, STARSCREAM—HANGING OUT IN AUTOBOT HIGH COMMAND. LIKE NORMAL.
HOW ARE THOSE FREE ELECTIONS COMING?

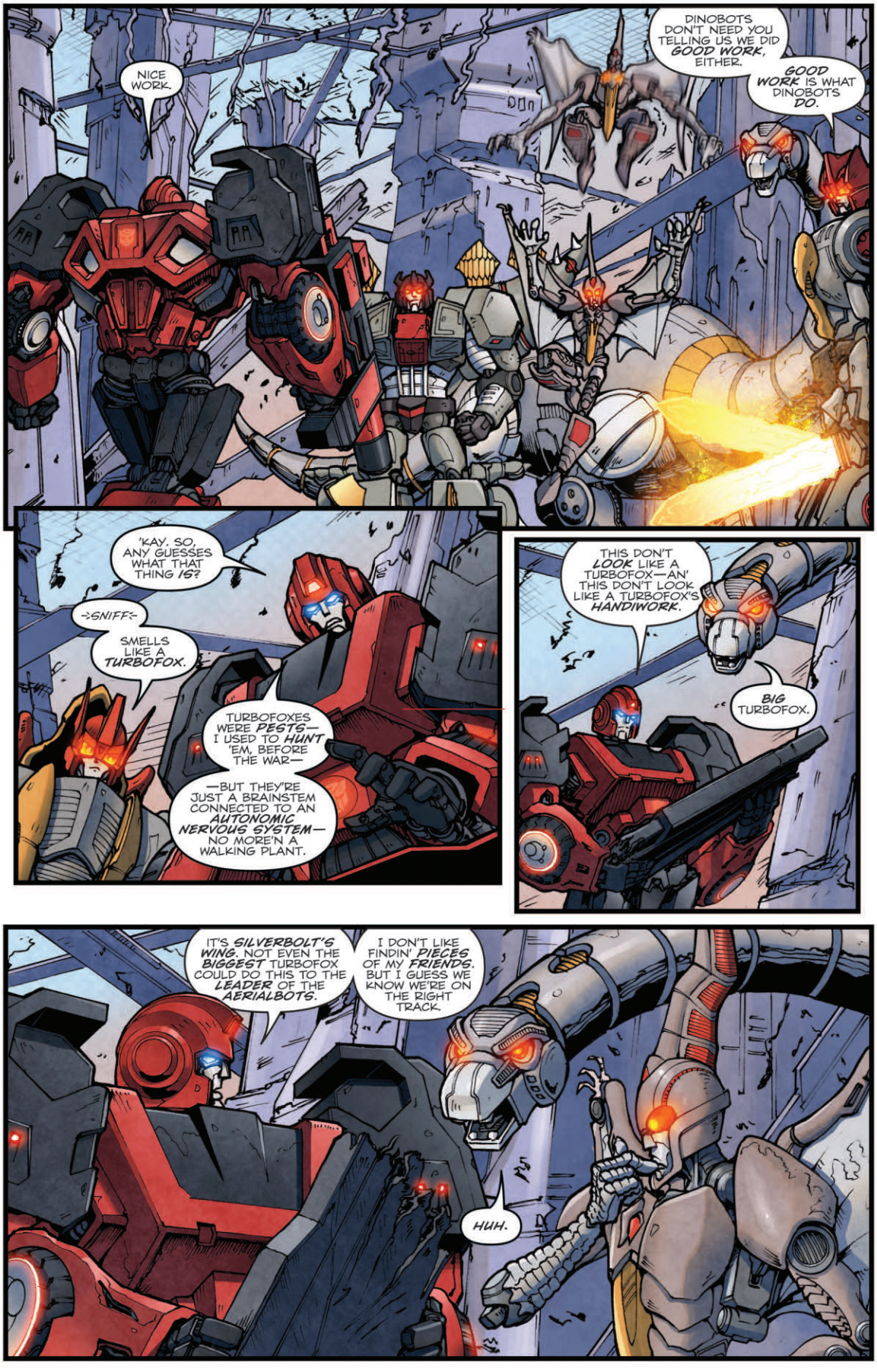
ERG.
YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.
HE REALLY IS, BUMBLEBEE.
STAY OUT OF THIS, METALHAWK.
YOU—YOU—YOU DON'T WANT DEMOCRACY! YOU JUST WANT TO WIN!
DOWN, BEE.
STOP THAT.
MAYBE THE DECEPTICON AND THE... AND METALHAWK ARE RIGHT.
IF WE CAN'T DEMONSTRATE THAT WE SHOULD BE IN CHARGE, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE.
WELL, IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN SOMEDAY. PROWL AND I IN AGR—
STOP IT!
ALL OF YOU. GET OUT OF HERE. WE'LL HAVE ELECTIONS WHEN WE'RE READY, AND NOT BEFORE.
AH. WHEN YOU CAN WIN.
SOMETIMES, YOU NEED SOMEBODY TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

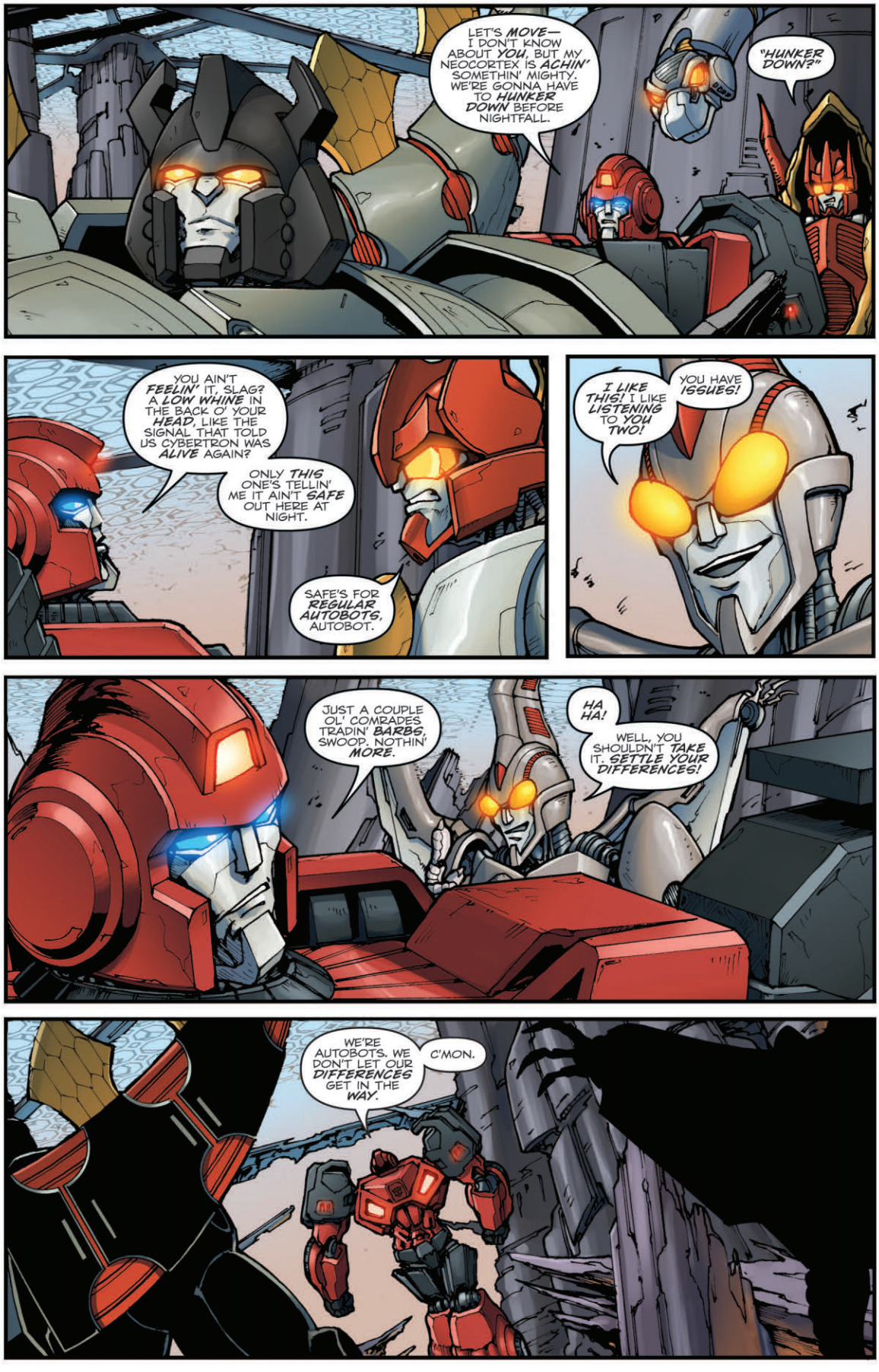

ABOVE THE WILDERNESS.
SOMETIMES YOU GET CAUGHT UP IN YOUR OWN HEAD, AND YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU GOT HAPPENIN'.
...AND THAT WAS WHEN I SWOOPED DOWN, AMIDST THE COUNTLESS BLASTS, AND PULLED YOU AND—WAIT.
I SEE SOMETHING DOWN THERE.
FINALLY...
...I COULDN'T TAKE ANOTHER HOUR OF BORING STORIES.
THINK YOU COULD BE A MITE MORE SPECIFIC AS TO WHAT YOU'RE SEEIN', SKY LYNX?
SORRY, NOT REALLY. IT LOOKS LIKE A FIGURE, BUT THE NATURE OF THE FOLIAGE...
IS IT THE SOURCE OF THE SIGNAL?
I DON'T THINK SO. IT'S GETTING HARD TO TELL. THERE'S SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE...
SOME 'BOTS, THEY'LL JUST WALK AWAY. LET YOU BE.
BUT SOME 'BOTS WILL STICK THEIR SNOUTS RIGHT IN YOUR BUSINESS.
YEAH. I KNOW. I'VE FELT IT TOO. KICKS UP BAD COME SUNDOWN, BUT IT MUST BE WORSE FOR YOU, FLYING. YOU USE MAGNETIC FIELDS TO NAVIGATE, RIGHT?
A RADICAL PAIR MECHANISM, YEAH.
DON'T LIKE THIS.
YOU STILL KNOW WHICH WAY'S HOME?
WHAT? OF COURSE, IT'S RIGHT... I MEAN...
...IRONHIDE, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
DISORIENTATION. YOU HEAD HOME WHILE YOU STILL CAN, OL' BUDDY. IT'S LIKE I THOUGHT: FLYIN'S NOT GONNA WORK OUT.
THE REST O' YOU, FOLLOW ME.
THE 'BOTS THAT REALLY GET TO YOU—THEY'RE EITHER YOUR BEST FRIENDS OR YOUR WORST ENEMIES.


AN' THERE AIN'T AS MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO AS I USED TO THINK.
THAT OVERSIZED ARDURIAN ROC REALLY THINK HE SAW SOMEBODY?
PROBABLY JUST REMEMBERING ANOTHER STUPID OLD THING FROM THE PAST.
WHATEVER. I'M JUST GLAD WE GET TO DO SOMETHING.
STEADY. I DON'T SEE ANYBODY, BUT...
"STEADY"? WE DON'T NEED YOU TELLING US WHAT TO BE.
YEAH. WE'RE THE DINOBOTS.

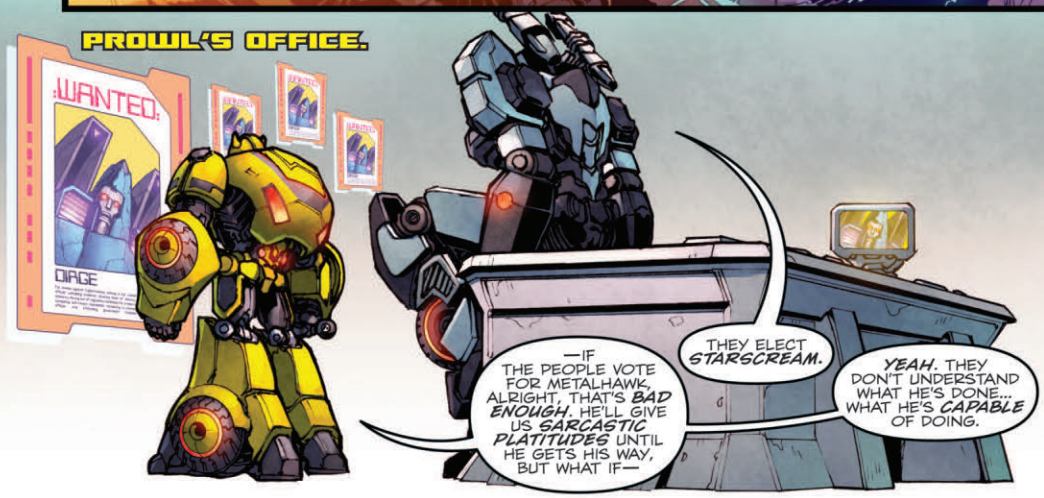

RAAAAGH!
THEY DON'T NEED ANYBODY TO TELL THEM ANYTHING— THEY KNOW THEIR JOBS.
SWOOP—HE LOOKS WOBBLY FROM THE INTERFERENCE, BUT HE STAYS CLOSE TO THE GROUND AN' DOES HIS PART WITH CONFIDENCE.
SCHIKK


SLUDGE MAY NOT BE THE BRIGHTEST 'BOT WHEN IT COMES TO CONVERSATION...
WUMPP
...BUT HE'S A GENIUS OF MAYHEM.
SNARL DOES SOME REAL DAMAGE—NOT A SOUND WASTED...
YAPKCH
...AN' THEN HE KNOWS TO GET OUT OF THE WAY.
THEY'D BEEN WANDERIN' THE SKIES FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS, EVER SINCE THEIR OLD COMMANDER, GRIMLOCK, GOT THROWN IN PRISON.
THRUNK
GRIMLOCK WAS KNOWN FOR HIS BRUTALITY AND ANGER.
KU-CHUNCH
I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY SLAG TOOK HIS ROLE.


NICE WORK.
DINOBOTS DON'T NEED YOU TELLING US WE DID GOOD WORK, EITHER.
GOOD WORK IS WHAT DINOBOTS DO.
'KAY. SO, ANY GUESSES WHAT THAT THING IS?
-SNIFF-
SMELLS LIKE A TURBOFOX.
TURBOFOXES WERE PESTS— I USED TO HUNT 'EM, BEFORE THE WAR—
—BUT THEY'RE JUST A BRAINSTEM CONNECTED TO AN AUTONOMIC NERVOUS SYSTEM— NO MORE'N A WALKING PLANT.
THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE A TURBOFOX—AN' THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE A TURBOFOX'S HANDIWORK.
BIG TURBOFOX.
IT'S SILVERBOLT'S WING. NOT EVEN THE BIGGEST TURBOFOX COULD DO THIS TO THE LEADER OF THE AERIALBOTS.
I DON'T LIKE FINDIN' PIECES OF MY FRIENDS. BUT I GUESS WE KNOW WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
HUH.

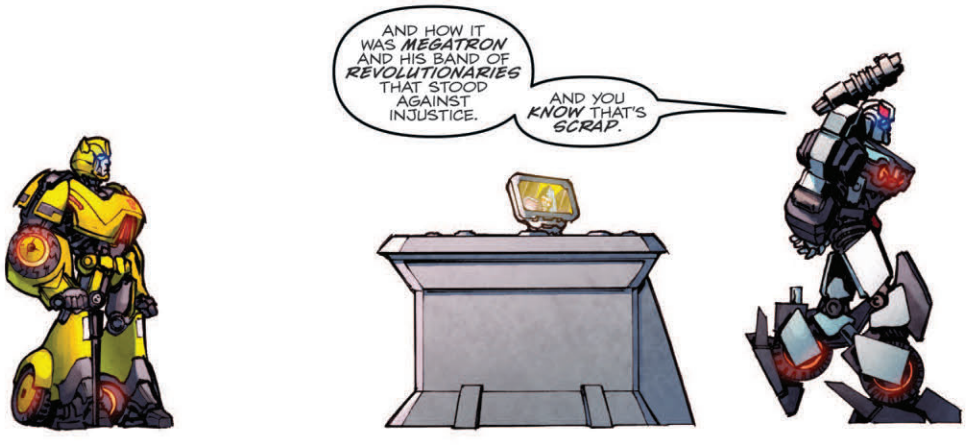

LET'S MOVE— I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT MY NEOCORTEX IS ACHIN' SOMETHIN' MIGHTY. WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO HUNKER DOWN BEFORE NIGHTFALL.
"HUNKER DOWN?"
YOU AIN'T FEELIN' IT, SLAG? A LOW WHINE IN THE BACK O' YOUR HEAD, LIKE THE SIGNAL THAT TOLD US CYBERTRON WAS ALIVE AGAIN?
ONLY THIS ONE'S TELLIN' ME IT AIN'T SAFE OUT HERE AT NIGHT.
SAFE'S FOR REGULAR AUTOBOTS, AUTOBOT.
I LIKE THIS! I LIKE LISTENING TO YOU TWO!
YOU HAVE ISSUES!
JUST A COUPLE OL' COMRADES TRADIN' BARBS, SWOOP. NOTHIN' MORE.
HA HA!
WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE IT. SETTLE YOUR DIFFERENCES!
WE'RE AUTOBOTS. WE DON'T LET OUR DIFFERENCES GET IN THE WAY.
C'MON.

IACON.
I CAN'T BELIEVE *YOU* OF ALL 'BOTS WOULD *SUGGEST* THIS, PROWL. WE *CAN'T* ALLOW ELECTIONS YET—

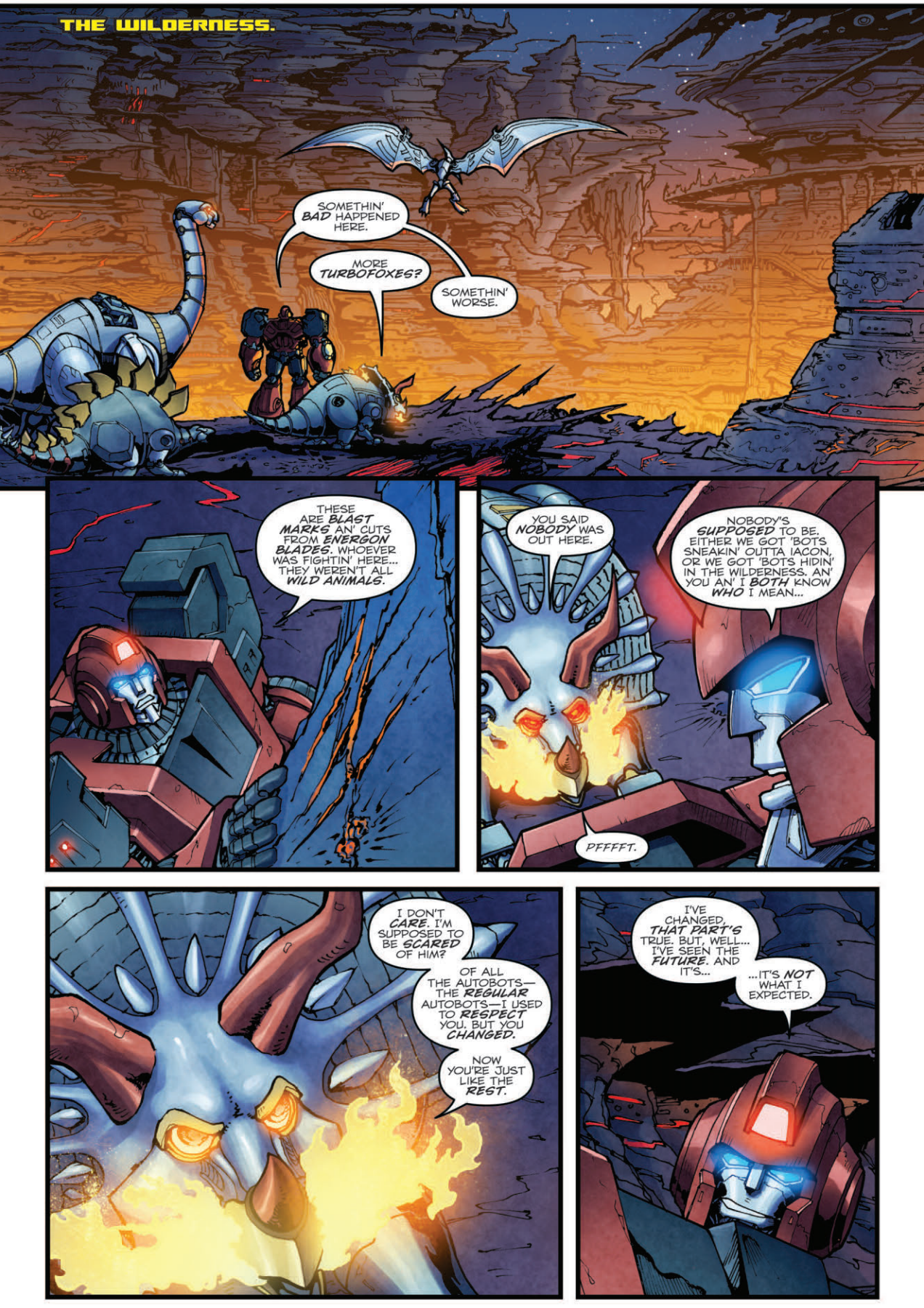

PROWL'S OFFICE.
WANTED:
DIAGE
—IF THE PEOPLE VOTE FOR METALHAWK, ALRIGHT. THAT'S *BAD ENOUGH*. HE'LL GIVE US *SARCASTIC PLATITUDES* UNTIL HE GETS HIS WAY, BUT WHAT IF—
THEY ELECT *STARSCREAM*.
YEAH. THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE'S DONE... WHAT HE'S *CAPABLE* OF DOING.

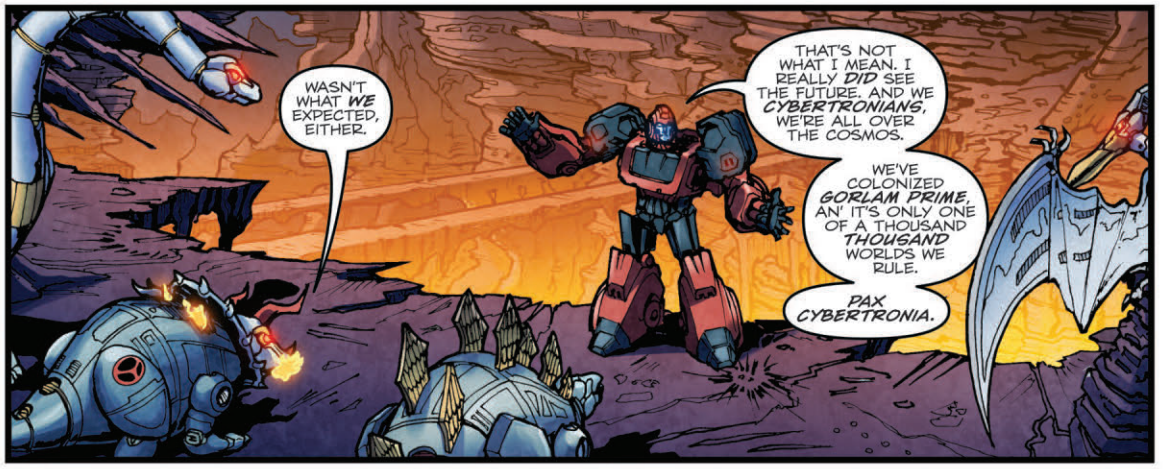
DIAGE
THE *NAILS*—THE *NEUTRALS*, I MEAN—THEY DON'T *REALIZE*—
BECAUSE *YOU* LET STARSCREAM AND METALHAWK *FRAME* THIS DISCUSSION, BEE.

YOU LET THEM TELL THE TALE OF THE *OLD CORRUPT SENATE*, THE LINEAGE OF *FALSE PRIMES*—
—THE MILITANT EXPANSIONISM OF *NOVA*, THE OPPRESSION OF *NOMINUS*, THE MILITARISM OF *SENTINEL*, THE PSYCHOPATHIC RAGES OF *ZETA*.

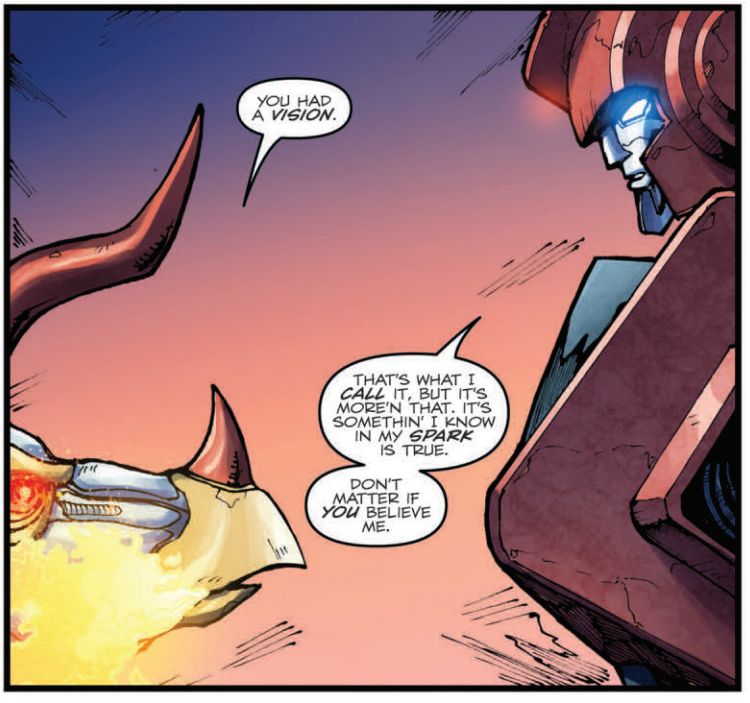

AND HOW IT WAS *MEGATRON* AND HIS BAND OF *REVOLUTIONARIES* THAT STOOD AGAINST INJUSTICE.
AND YOU *KNOW* THAT'S *SCRAP*.

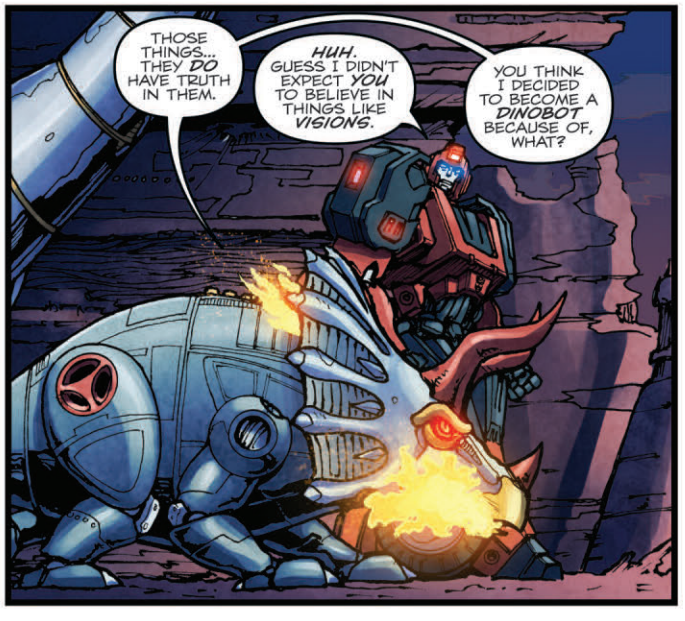
YOU AND I WERE THERE, BEE. WE WERE ON THE FRONT LINES.
THE WAR AGAINST THE SENATE ENDED WHEN MEGATRON KILLED ZETA PRIME. IT ENDED WITH THE GUNSHOT THAT KILLED AN EMPIRE.
WE'D SEEN HIS CAPACITY FOR VIOLENCE BEFORE, BUT AT LEAST MEGATRON'S ACTIONS WERE ALWAYS COUCHED IN AN IDEOLOGY AND A REACTION TO GENUINE INJUSTICE.
WHEN HE TURNED ON OPTIMUS, WHEN HE TURNED ON US, HE SHOWED WHAT HE REALLY WAS.
HE WASN'T AFTER EQUALITY—HE JUST WANTED TO DO TO EVERYBODY ELSE WHAT THEY'D DONE TO HIM.
IT'S A TRAGIC CIRCLE OF VIOLENCE OR WHATEVER—BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE HIM A HERO.
OPTIMUS PRIME WAS THE HERO. YOU WERE THE HERO. HE—ALL THE DECEPTICONS—THEY'RE A DANGER.
HANG ON. YOU WANT ELECTIONS BECAUSE YOU THINK I'LL WIN.
BEE.
I KNOW YOU'LL WIN.


THE WILDERNESS.
SOMETHIN' BAD HAPPENED HERE.
MORE TURBOFOXES?
SOMETHIN' WORSE.
THESE ARE BLAST MARKS AN' CUTS FROM ENERGON BLADES. WHOEVER WAS FIGHTIN' HERE... THEY WEREN'T ALL WILD ANIMALS.
YOU SAID NOBODY WAS OUT HERE.
NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO BE. EITHER WE GOT 'BOTS SNEAKIN' OUTTA IACON, OR WE GOT 'BOTS HIDIN' IN THE WILDERNESS. AN' YOU AN' I BOTH KNOW WHO I MEAN...
PFFFFT.
I DON'T CARE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF HIM?
OF ALL THE AUTOBOTS—THE REGULAR AUTOBOTS—I USED TO RESPECT YOU. BUT YOU CHANGED.
NOW YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST.
I'VE CHANGED. THAT PART'S TRUE. BUT, WELL... I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE. AND IT'S...
...IT'S NOT WHAT I EXPECTED.

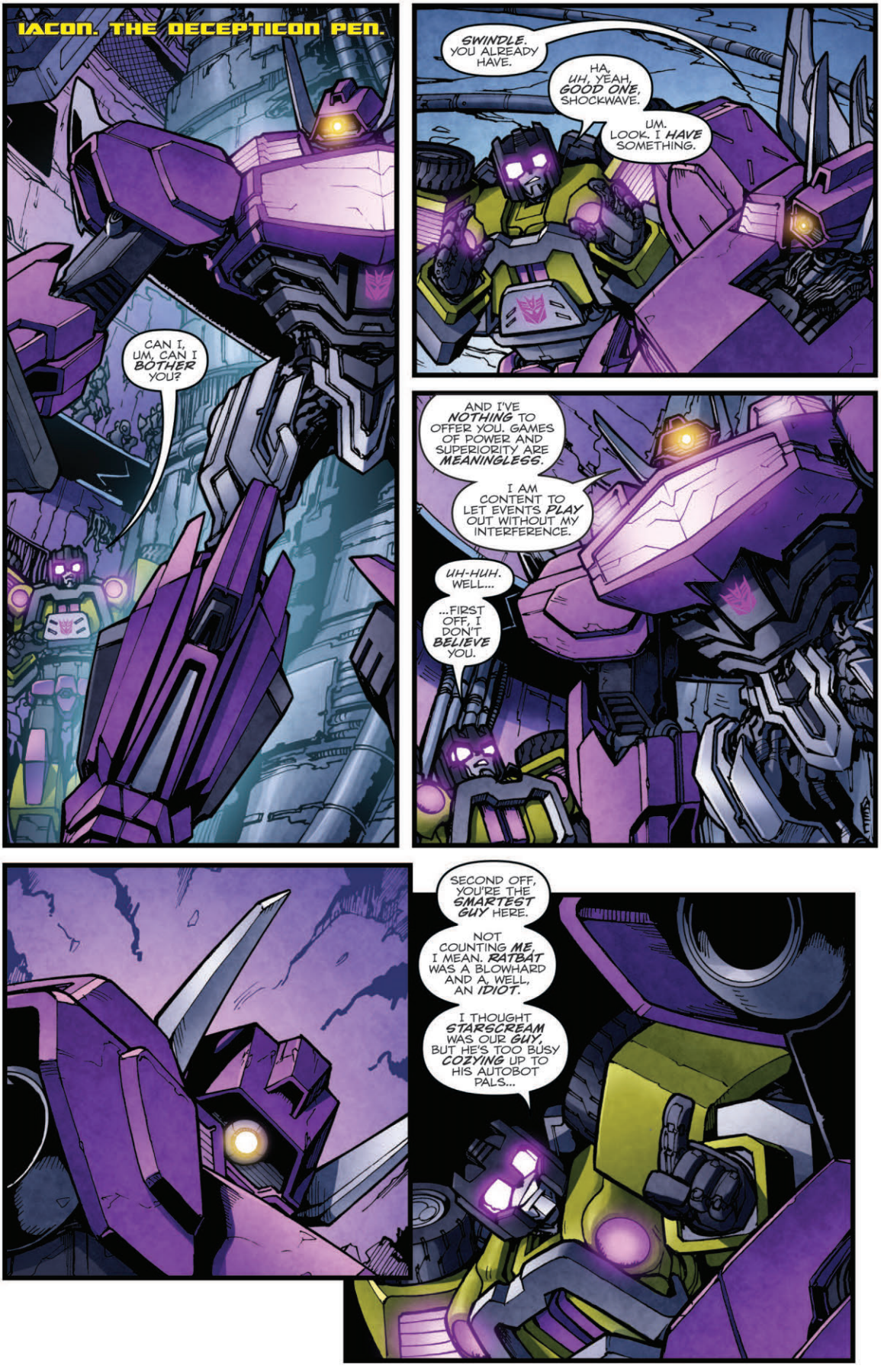

WASN'T WHAT WE EXPECTED, EITHER.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN. I REALLY DID SEE THE FUTURE. AND WE CYBERTRONIANS, WE'RE ALL OVER THE COSMOS.
WE'VE COLONIZED GORLAM PRIME, AN' IT'S ONLY ONE OF A THOUSAND THOUSAND WORLDS WE RULE.
PAX CYBERTRONIA.

IT CHANGED THE WAY I LOOK AT THINGS. SEE, I KNOW I'LL BE OKAY. I KNOW NOTHIN' CAN KILL ME.
BUT I ALSO KNOW THAT EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR REASONS BIGGER THAN ANYTHING YOU OR I CAN UNDERSTAND.
I DON'T GOT TO PROVE MYSELF ANYMORE, BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING TO PROVE.

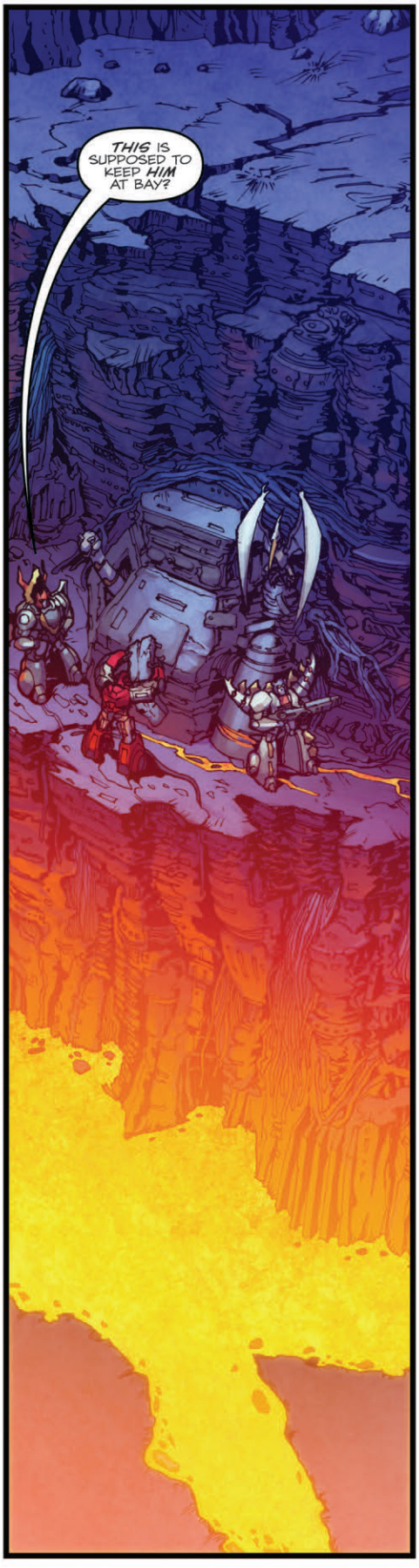

YOU HAD A VISION.
THAT'S WHAT I CALL IT, BUT IT'S MORE'N THAT. IT'S SOMETHIN' I KNOW IN MY SPARK IS TRUE.
DON'T MATTER IF YOU BELIEVE ME.


THOSE THINGS... THEY DO HAVE TRUTH IN THEM.
HUH. GUESS I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE IN THINGS LIKE VISIONS.
YOU THINK I DECIDED TO BECOME A DINOBOT BECAUSE OF, WHAT?

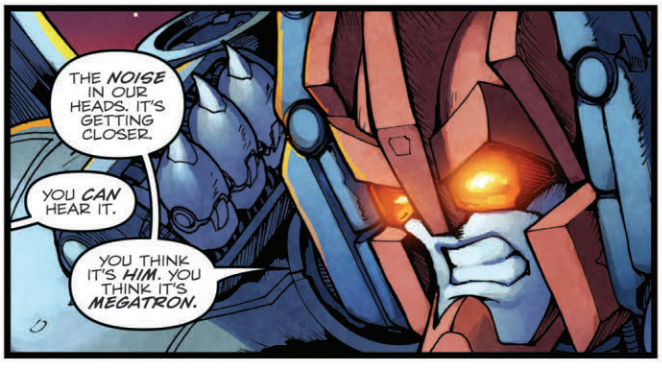
A RATIONAL PHILOSOPHY?


IACON. THE DECEPTICON PEN.
CAN I, UM, CAN I BOTHER YOU?
SWINDLE. YOU ALREADY HAVE.
HA, UH, YEAH, GOOD ONE, SHOCKWAVE.
UM. LOOK. I HAVE SOMETHING.
AND I'VE NOTHING TO OFFER YOU. GAMES OF POWER AND SUPERIORITY ARE MEANINGLESS.
I AM CONTENT TO LET EVENTS PLAY OUT WITHOUT MY INTERFERENCE.
UH-HUH. WELL...
...FIRST OFF, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
SECOND OFF, YOU'RE THE SMARTEST GUY HERE.
NOT COUNTING ME. I MEAN. RATBAT WAS A BLOWHARD AND A, WELL, AN IDIOT.
I THOUGHT STARSCREAM WAS OUR GUY, BUT HE'S TOO BUSY COZYING UP TO HIS AUTOBOT PALS...

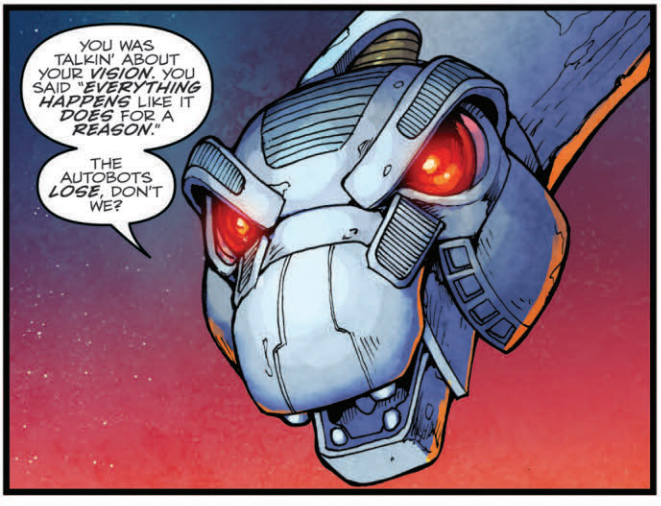
YOU BORE ME, SWINDLE.
OKAY. COME OUT HERE, D.
MY BUDDY HERE— DIRGE.
HE SAW PROWL KILL BOMBSHELL IN COLD BLOOD.
HE SAW PROWL'S GOT THAT MANIAC, ARCEE, WORKING UNDER HIS THUMB.
HE SAYS PROWL EXECUTED THE CONSTRUCTICONS WITHOUT JUST CAUSE, AND THAT GOES A LONG WAY TO PROVING TO EVEN THE MOST DOUBTFUL NAIL—HEY, EVEN MOST AUTOBOTS—THAT PROWL DEFINITELY ASSASSINATED RATBAT.
AND IDIOT OR NOT, RATBAT WAS OUR LEADER.
IS THIS CORRECT, DIRGE?
Y-YEAH. YES, SHOCKWAVE.
PROWL WANTS ME DEAD. YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN THE MOST... I DON'T HAVE THE MOST LOVE FOR DECEPTICONS ANYMORE, ESPECIALLY AFTER BOMBSHELL—
WHAT HE'S SAYING IS THAT HE'S COMING CONE-SHAPED-HAT IN HAND ASKING FOR OUR HELP. YOUR HELP.
AND WITH THIS INFORMATION, I SHOULD DO WHAT?
THAT, SHOCKS, IS THE REAL QUESTION.

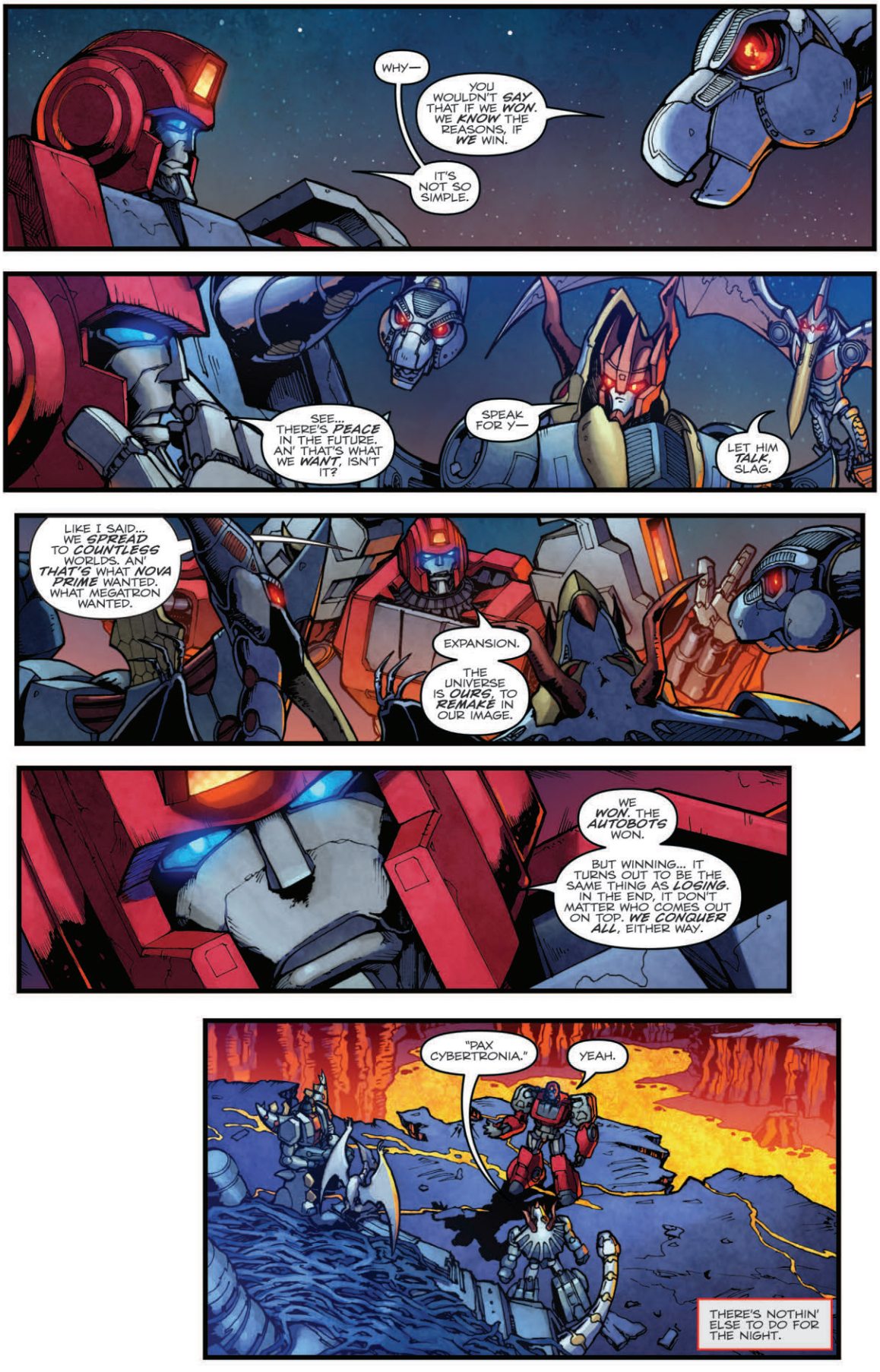

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO KEEP HIM AT BAY?

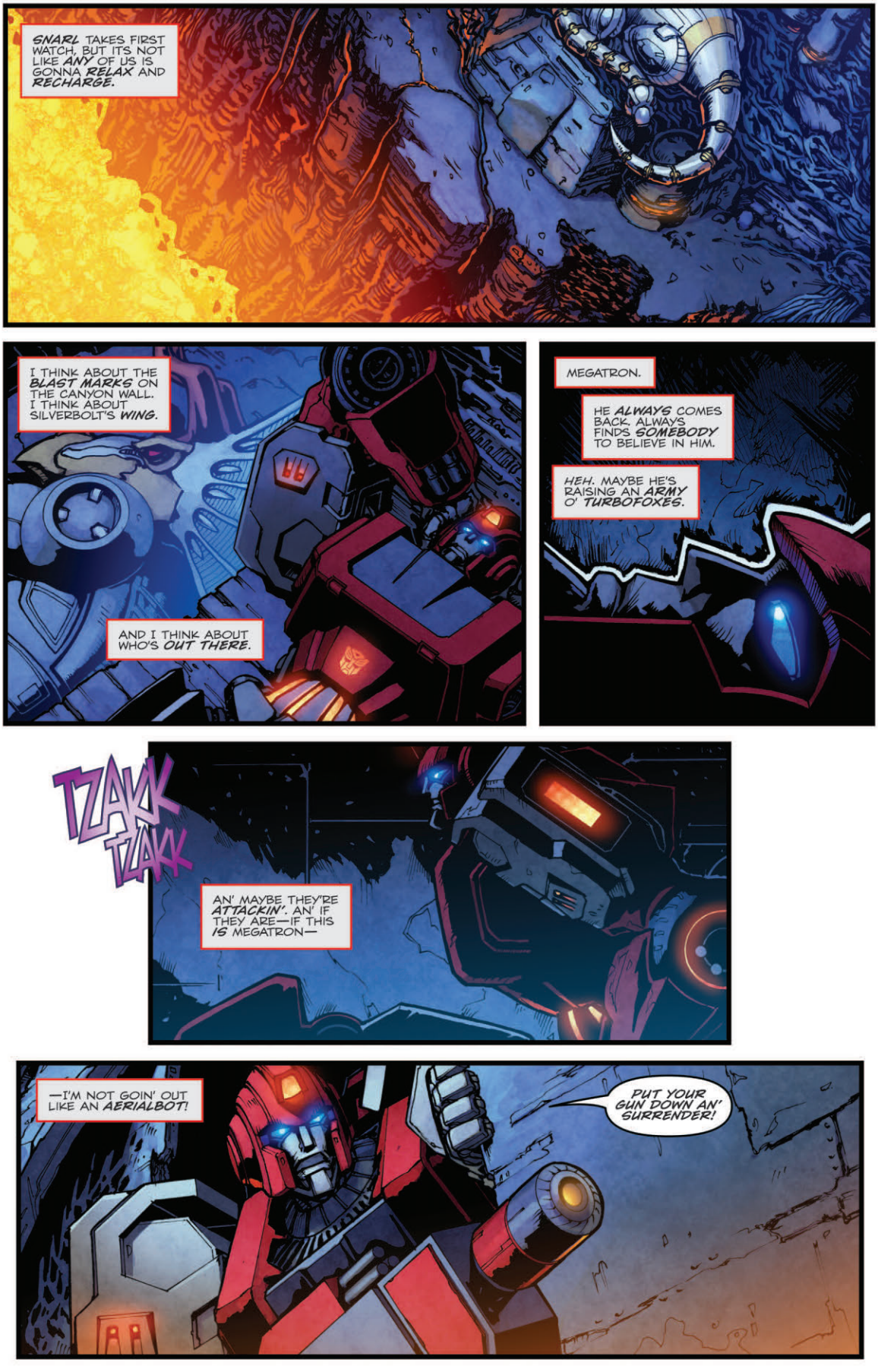
BETTER'N NOTHIN', SLAG. AN' WE DON'T REALLY KNOW IT'S HIM.
RRURR.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?


THE NOISE IN OUR HEADS. IT'S GETTING CLOSER.
YOU CAN HEAR IT.
YOU THINK IT'S HIM. YOU THINK IT'S MEGATRON.

MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. IT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE LONG RUN.
I WANNA ASK A QUESTION.
SHOOT.


YOU WAS TALKIN' ABOUT YOUR VISION. YOU SAID "EVERYTHING HAPPENS LIKE IT DOES FOR A REASON."
THE AUTOBOTS LOSE, DON'T WE?


WHY—
YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF WE WON. WE KNOW THE REASONS, IF WE WIN.
IT'S NOT SO SIMPLE.
SEE... THERE'S PEACE IN THE FUTURE. AN' THAT'S WHAT WE WANT, ISN'T IT?
SPEAK FOR Y—
LET HIM TALK, SLAG.
LIKE I SAID... WE SPREAD TO COUNTLESS WORLDS. AN' THAT'S WHAT NOVA PRIME WANTED. WHAT MEGATRON WANTED.
EXPANSION.
THE UNIVERSE IS OURS, TO REMAKE IN OUR IMAGE.
WE WON. THE AUTOBOTS WON.
BUT WINNING... IT TURNS OUT TO BE THE SAME THING AS LOSING. IN THE END, IT DON'T MATTER WHO COMES OUT ON TOP. WE CONQUER ALL, EITHER WAY.
"PAX CYBERTRONIA."
YEAH.
THERE'S NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO FOR THE NIGHT.

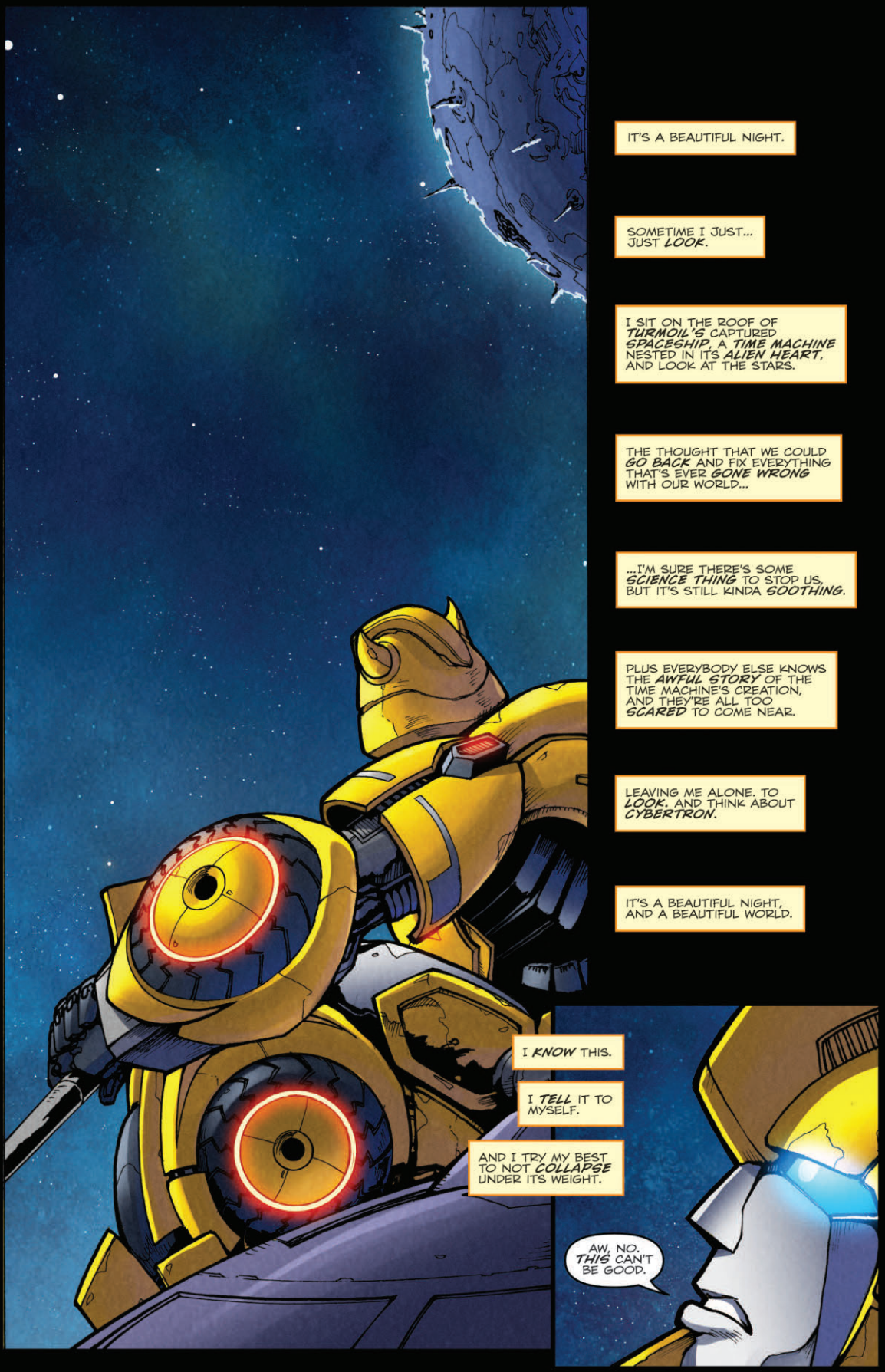

SNARL TAKES FIRST WATCH, BUT ITS NOT LIKE ANY OF US IS GONNA RELAX AND RECHARGE.
I THINK ABOUT THE BLAST MARKS ON THE CANYON WALL. I THINK ABOUT SILVERBOLT'S WING.
AND I THINK ABOUT WHO'S OUT THERE.
MEGATRON.
HE ALWAYS COMES BACK. ALWAYS FINDS SOMEBODY TO BELIEVE IN HIM.
HEH. MAYBE HE'S RAISING AN ARMY O' TURBOFOXES.
TZAKK TZAKK
AN' MAYBE THEY'RE ATTACKIN'. AN' IF THEY ARE—IF THIS IS MEGATRON—
—I'M NOT GOIN' OUT LIKE AN AERIALBOT!
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN AN' SURRENDER!

KRACH
UNNF!
WHEN I SAW THE FUTURE, I FELT SOMETHIN' THAT I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS A WORD FOR.
SEE—I'D LIVED, I'D DIED, AN' THEN I'D LIVED AGAIN.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
SHOW YOURSELF, IF YOU THINK YOU GOT THE IRON TO FIGHT ME!
YAAH!
THAT'S A PRETTY UNUSUAL SENSATION.
STANDS TO REASON NOBODY WOULDA COME UP WITH A WORD TO DESCRIBE IT.
YOU MESSED WITH THE WRONG 'BOT, MEGATRON.
I KNOW I WALK AWAY FROM THIS.
FUNNY THING IS, I DON'T REMEMBER DYING... BUT I DO REMEMBER OUTLIVIN' ALL MY FRIENDS.
AND OF ALL THE THINGS, THAT'S WHAT I'M THINKIN' ABOUT WHEN IT HITS ME...
...WHAT THE WORD IS...
AUTOBOT—

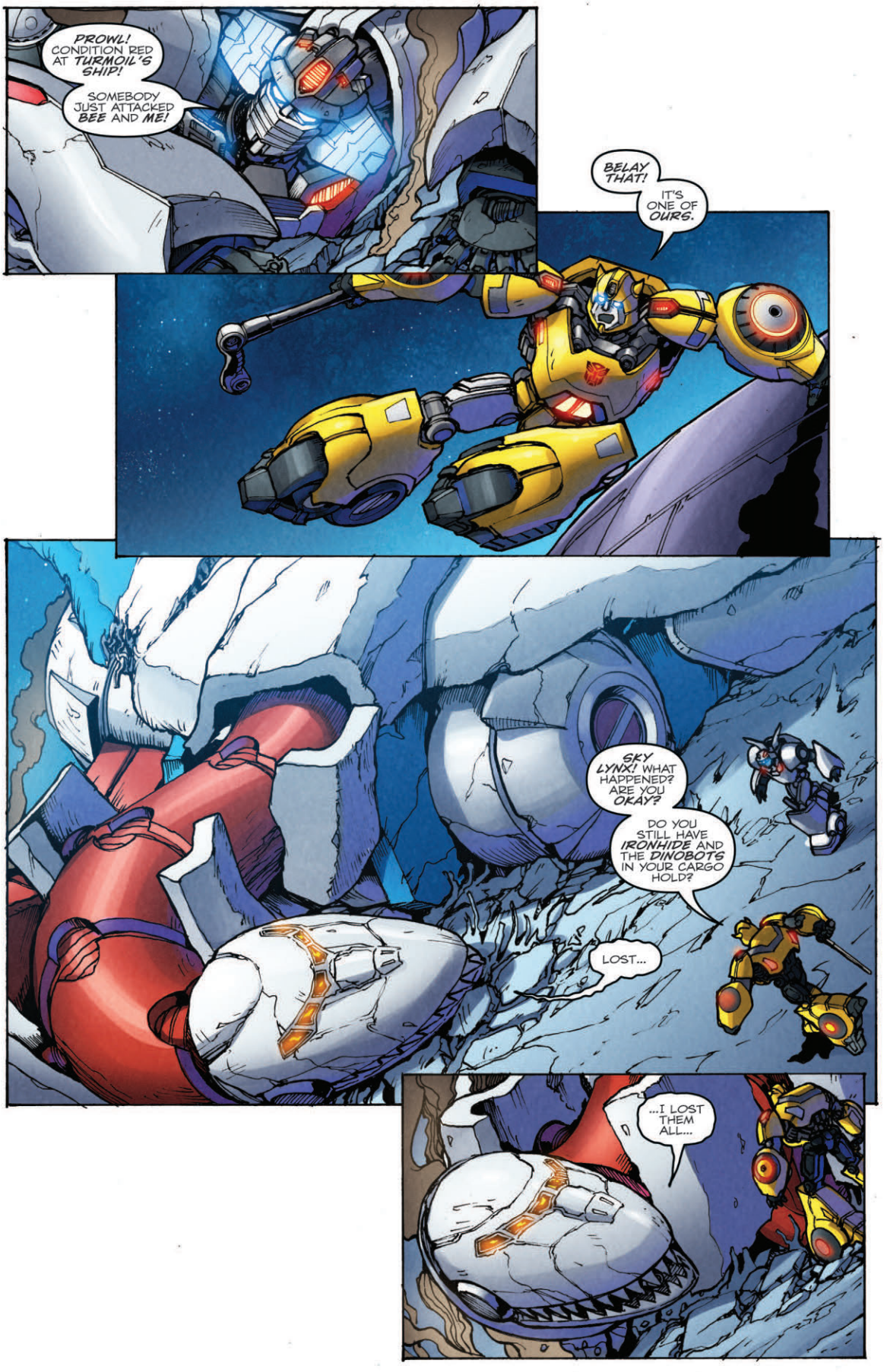
—YOU TALK TOO MUCH.

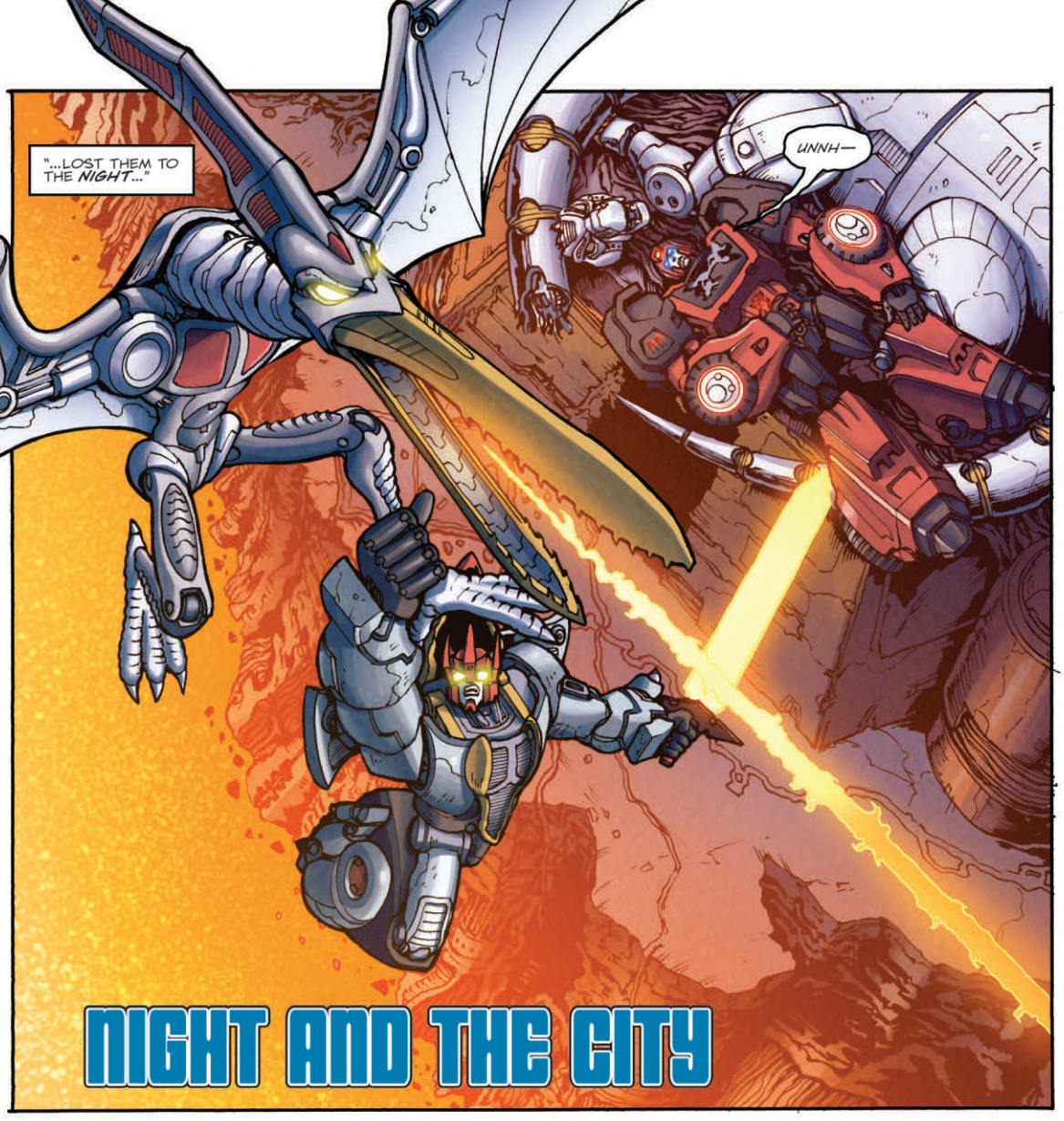
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #8 COVER B
BY **CASEY COLLER** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

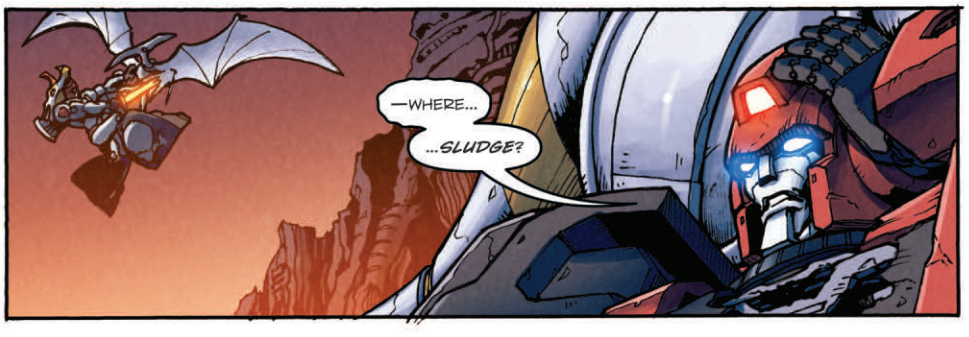
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #9 COVER A
BY **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

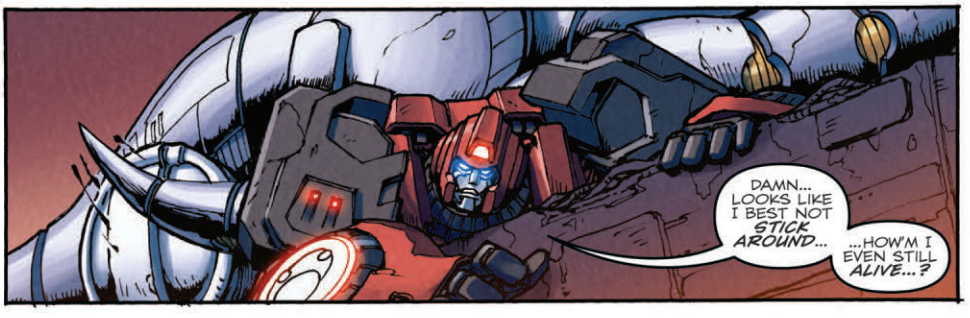

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.
SOMETIME I JUST... JUST *LOOK*.
I SIT ON THE ROOF OF *TURMOIL'S* CAPTURED *SPACESHIP*, A *TIME MACHINE* NESTED IN IT'S *ALIEN HEART*, AND LOOK AT THE STARS.
THE THOUGHT THAT WE COULD *GO BACK* AND FIX EVERYTHING THAT'S EVER *GONE WRONG* WITH OUR WORLD...
...I'M SURE THERE'S SOME *SCIENCE THING* TO STOP US, BUT IT'S STILL KINDA *SOOTHING*.
PLUS EVERYBODY ELSE KNOWS THE *AWFUL STORY* OF THE TIME MACHINE'S CREATION, AND THEY'RE ALL TOO *SCARED* TO COME NEAR.
LEAVING ME ALONE. TO *LOOK*. AND THINK ABOUT *CYBERTRON*.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, AND A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.
I *KNOW* THIS.
I *TELL* IT TO MYSELF.
AND I TRY MY BEST TO NOT *COLLAPSE* UNDER ITS WEIGHT.
AW, NO. *THIS* CAN'T BE GOOD.

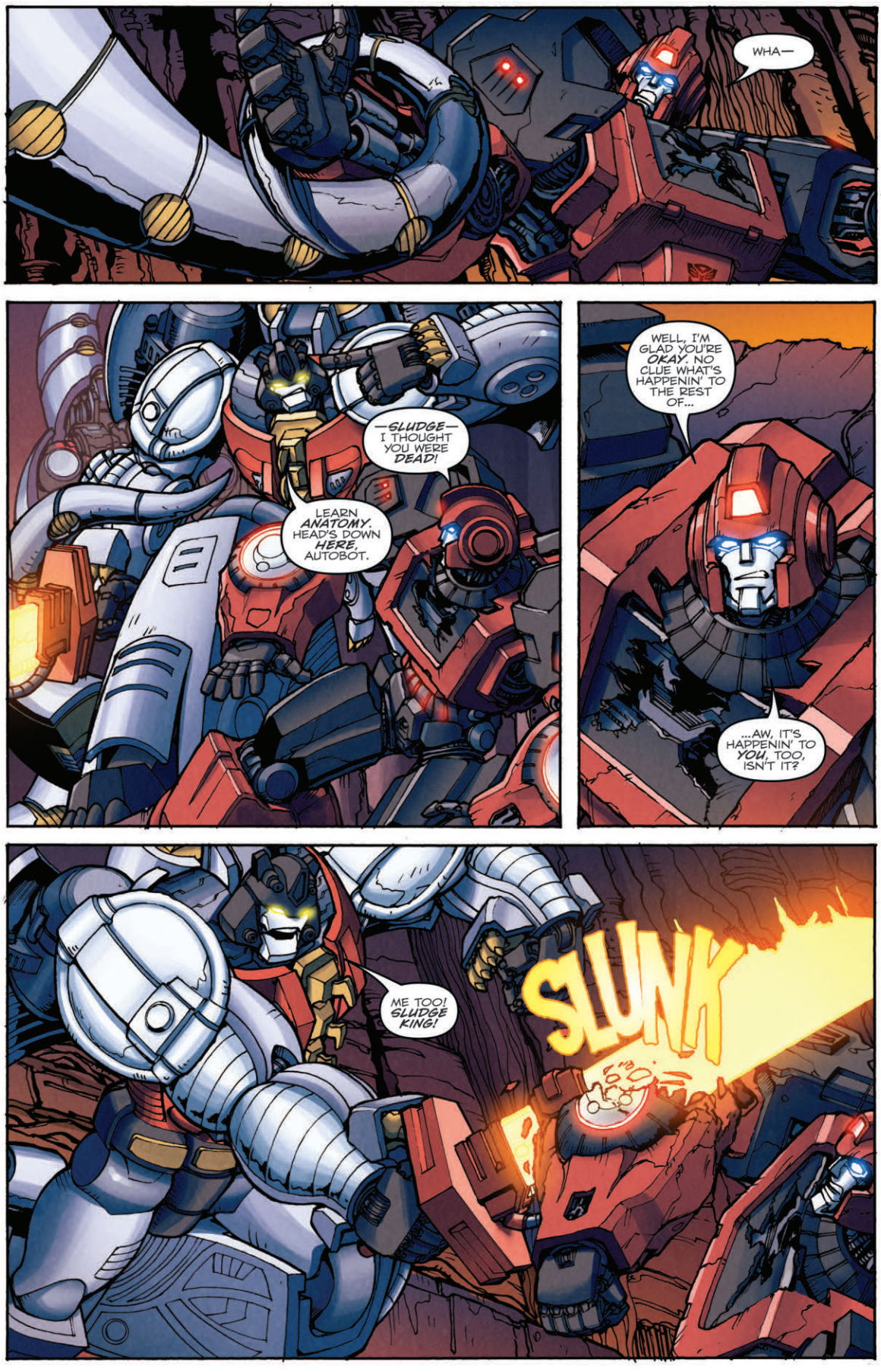
WHEELJACK...
HANG ON, BEE. I THINK I GOT SOMETHING FIGURED—
WHEELJACK —WE GOT INCOMING.
INCOMING WHAT?
WELL, ALMOST EVERYBODY'S TOO SCARED TO COME HERE...
...I GUESS YOU'RE NEVER REALLY ALONE.

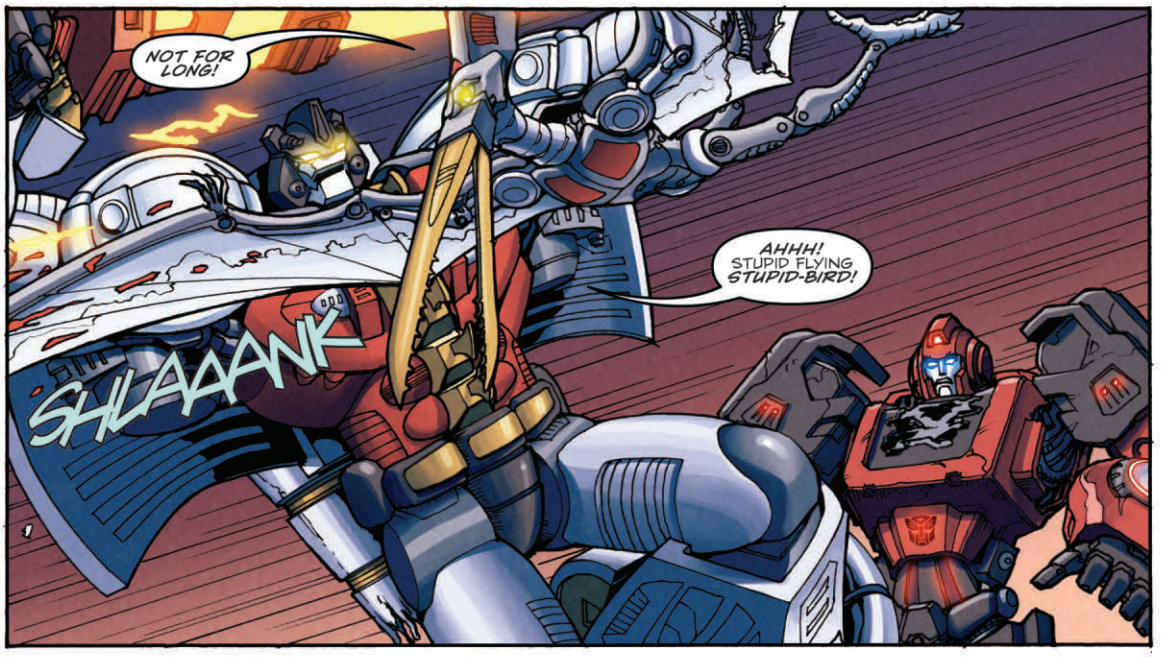

PROWL! CONDITION RED AT TURMOIL'S SHIP!
SOMEBODY JUST ATTACKED BEE AND ME!
BELAY THAT!
IT'S ONE OF OURS.
SKY LYNX! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU OKAY?
DO YOU STILL HAVE IRONHIDE AND THE DINOBOTS IN YOUR CARGO HOLD?
LOST...
...I LOST THEM ALL...


"...LOST THEM TO THE NIGHT..."
UNNH—
NIGHT AND THE CITY


—WHERE...
...SLUDGE?


DAMN... LOOKS LIKE I BEST NOT STICK AROUND...
...HOW'M I EVEN STILL ALIVE...?


WHA—
—SLUDGE— I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
LEARN ANATOMY. HEAD'S DOWN HERE, AUTOBOT.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE OKAY. NO CLUE WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO THE REST OF...
...AW, IT'S HAPPENIN' TO YOU, TOO, ISN'T IT?
ME TOO! SLUDGE KING!
SLUNK

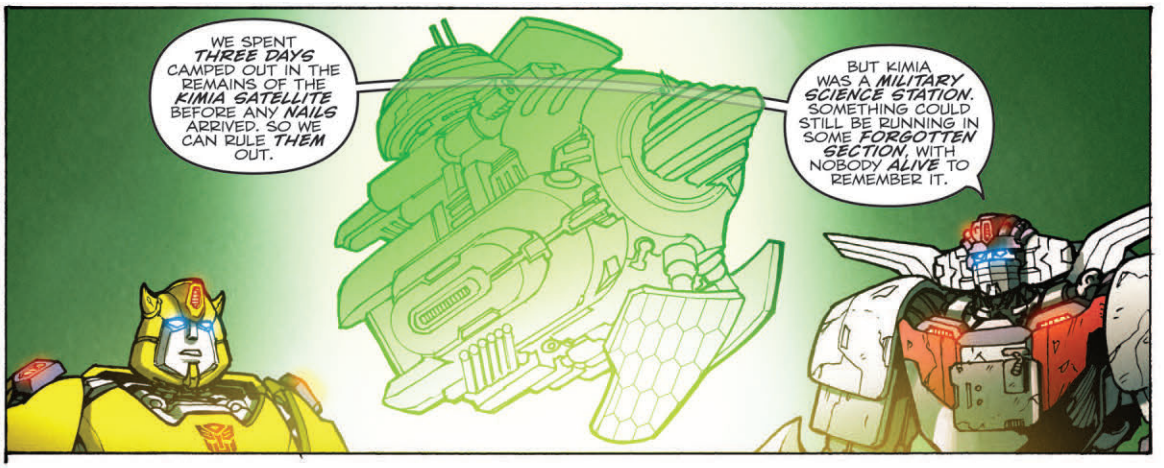

NOT FOR LONG!
AHHH! STUPID FLYING STUPID-BIRD!
SHLAAANK

WHY WON'T YOU STAY DEAD!?
I WASN'T DEAD!
PRIMUS.

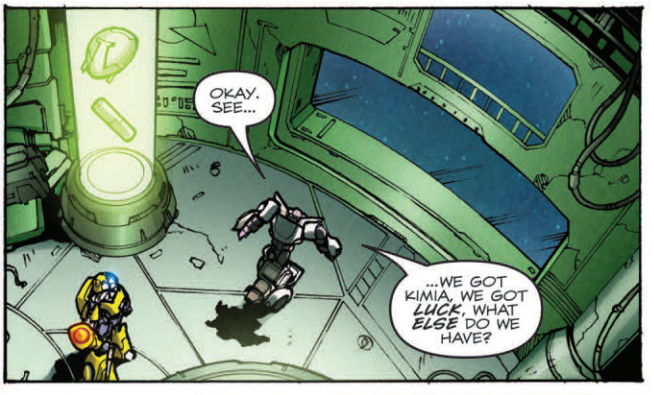
BUMBLEBEE— ANYBODY. THIS IS IRONHIDE—DO YOU READ ME?
THE DINOBOTS— THEY'VE GONE CRAZY! THEY'RE TEARIN' INTO EACH OTHER.
C'MON... ANYBODY OUT THERE?
-:TZZKK:- ELLO -:KKCHKK:- EAD ME...

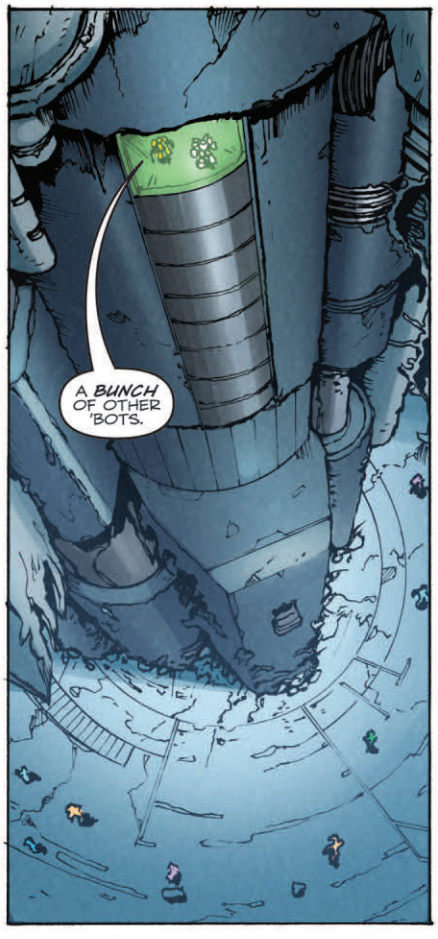
-:TSZZTS:- SILVERBOLT, O -:KGGHS:- E AERIALBOTS. IF ANYONE IS RECEIVING THIS...
...I HAVE TO TELL Y -:KKJJJ:- WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE.

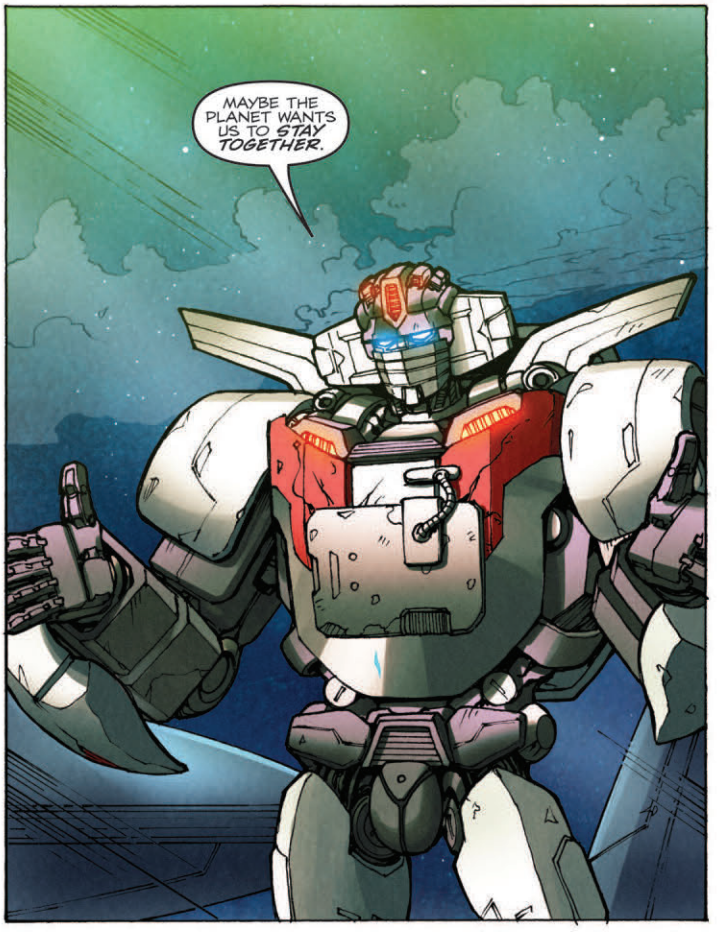
IS SOMETHING MAKING US CRAZY?
I MEAN, ALL THE ANGER, THE IRRATIONALITY, EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE SINCE WE CAME HOME. IS SOMETHING CONTROLLING US? IS SOMETHING CONTROLLING PROWL?
NAW. I MEAN, NOTHING THAT ISN'T USUALLY CONTROLLING HIM, ANYWAY
I RAN SOME SCANS ON SKY LYNX'S NEOCORTEX—
—HE'S RECOVERING, BY THE WAY; THANKS FOR ASKING—
—AND SOMETHING WAS MESSING WITH HIM. BUT IT STOPPED WHEN HE GOT BACK TO THE CITY.
TOO BAD. I WAS HOPING THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD SHOOT OR PUNCH. I MISS SIMPLE SOLUTIONS.
NO, OKAY—WHY ISN'T WHATEVER'S HAPPENING OUTSIDE HAPPENING HERE?
AND HOW WORRIED SHOULD I BE ABOUT IRONHIDE AND THE DINOBOTS?
SECOND QUESTION: VERY.
FIRST QUESTION: I GOT A FEW POSSIBILITIES.
NUMBER ONE: LUCK. EITHER WHATEVER'S MESSED UP SKY LYNX IS A LOCALIZED EFFECT AND HE HAD THE BAD LUCK TO GET IN ITS PATH—
—OR IT'S PLANETWIDE AND WE GOT THE GOOD LUCK THAT IACON JUST HAPPENS TO BE NOT GETTING HIT.
BUT IF IT'S NOT LOCALIZED AND WE'RE NOT THE LUCKIEST BOTS EVER—
I'M PRETTY SURE WE'RE NOT.
—MAYBE IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH KIMIA.


WE SPENT THREE DAYS CAMPED OUT IN THE REMAINS OF THE KIMIA SATELLITE BEFORE ANY NAILS ARRIVED. SO WE CAN RULE THEM OUT.
BUT KIMIA WAS A MILITARY SCIENCE STATION. SOMETHING COULD STILL BE RUNNING IN SOME FORGOTTEN SECTION, WITH NOBODY ALIVE TO REMEMBER IT.

ANYWAY. THREE IS: THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT US.
HUH?


OKAY. SEE...
...WE GOT KIMIA, WE GOT LUCK, WHAT ELSE DO WE HAVE?

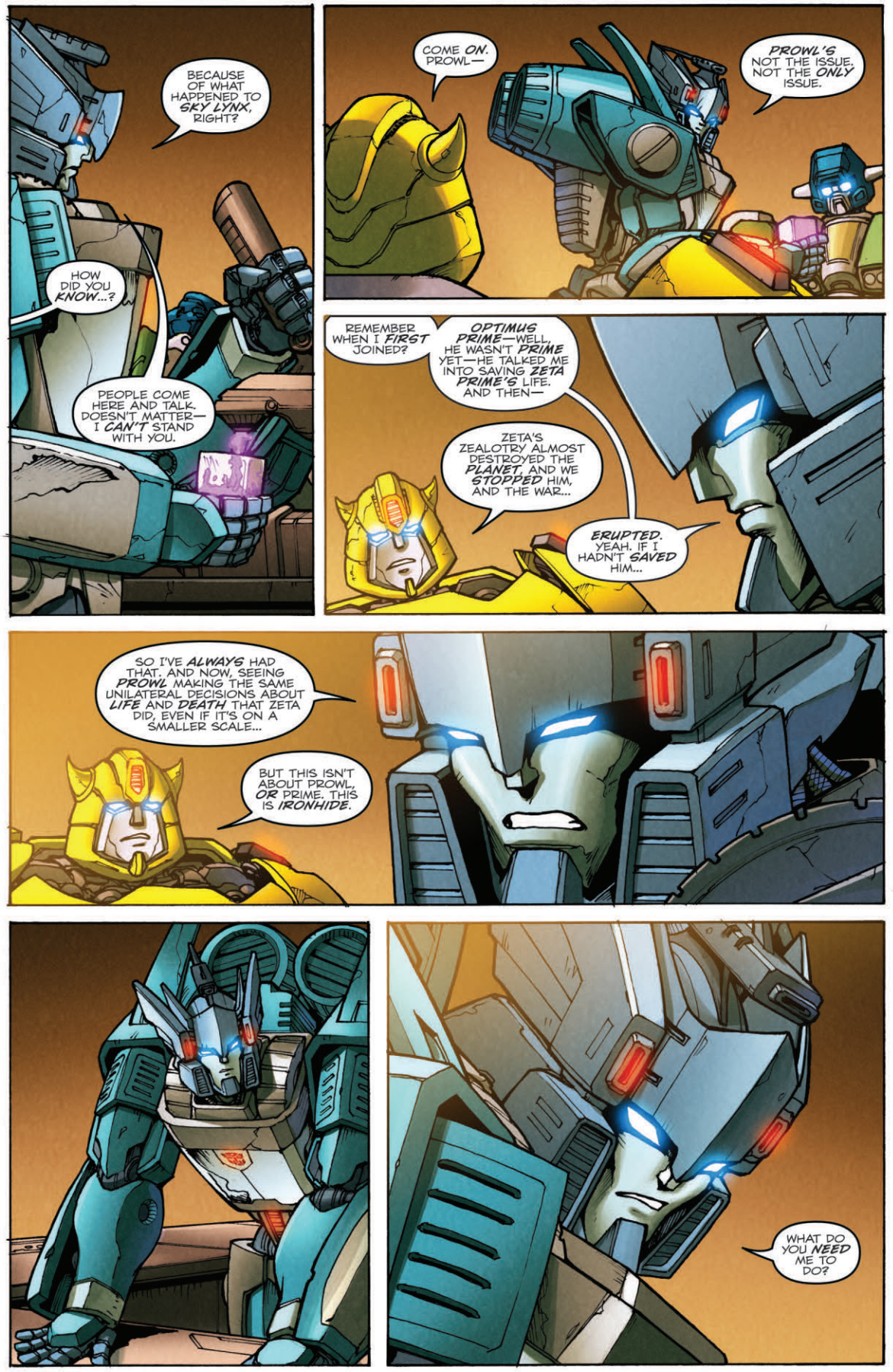

A BUNCH OF OTHER 'BOTS.

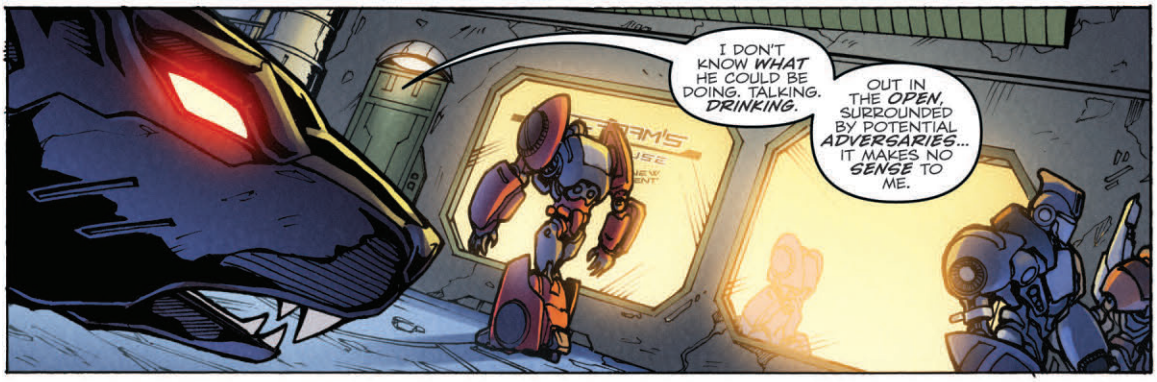

MAYBE THE PLANET WANTS US TO STAY TOGETHER.

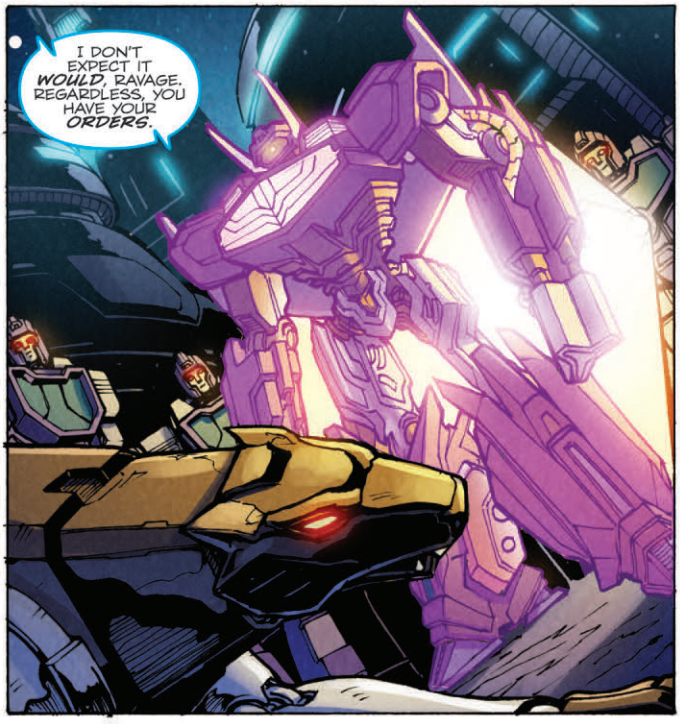
PROBABLY SO IT'S EASIER TO EAT US.
STARSCREAM AND METALHAWK. I WAS WORRIED I WAS GOING TO GO A WHOLE NIGHT WITHOUT RUNNING INTO YOU.
LET ME GUESS? YOU CAME TO DEMAND I OPEN FREE ELECTIONS?
WE'RE MERELY CHECKING IN TO SEE HOW MY FRIEND WHEELJACK HAS RECOVERED AFTER OUR... INCIDENT ON TURMOIL'S SHIP. AND TO OFFER ASSISTANCE.
YEAH, WE FIGURED YOU GUYS COULD USE A COUPLE FLIERS TO HELP FIND IRONHIDE AND THE MONSTERBOTS.
DINOBOTS.
WHATEVER. I FIGURE FOUR MORONS AND A 'BOT WHO'S ALREADY CRAZY ARE PROBABLY GOING TO BE WORSE OFF THAN LYNX.
YOU—WHAT? IRONHIDE'S NOT CRAZY—
BUMBLEBEE, HE THINKS HE CAN'T DIE BECAUSE HE SAW A VISION OF THE FUTURE.
YOU DO KNOW WHAT "CRAZY" MEANS...?
LOOK, IT'S NOT SAFE. NOT AT NIGHT.
AND ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN GUYS READY TO GO IN THE MORNING, WE DON'T—YOU'D JUST GET IN THE WAY.
HANG ON!
HE DOESN'T WANT ME LOOKING BECAUSE HE THINKS IF I FIND THEM, IT'LL HELP ME WIN THE ELECTION!
STARSCREAM...
...EVEN I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S THE TRUTH.
ONCE UPON A TIME, I'D'VE BEEN MAD AT STARSCREAM FOR SUGGESTING THAT.

BUT THEN, ONCE UPON A TIME, IT WOULD'VE BEEN A RIDICULOUS THING TO SUGGEST.
SILVERBOLT— WHERE ARE YOU, BUDDY?! I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YA!
WE THOUGHT IT WAS MEGATRON... AT FIRST...
...SOMEBODY ON OUR SIX... JUST OUT OF SIGHT. STARTED AS SOON AS WE... TOUCHED DOWN.
SILVERBOLT...?
THE FIRST TURBOFOX... THAT WAS A SURPRISE.
HUH. JUST A RECORDIN'.
BUT WE'RE AERIALBOTS... MINDLESS EATING MACHINES DON'T... POSE A THREAT TO US.
THEN... AIR RAID TURNED ON ME.
OUT OF NOWHERE... JUST OPENED FIRE. SKY DIVE AND SLINGSHOT GOT ME CLEAR...
...BUT THEN THEY STARTED... TEARING INTO EACH OTHER.
WHOEVER'S... HEARING THIS...
...I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE ALONE, BUT... YOU'RE BETTER OFF IF YOU ARE.
EVERYONE'S GOING TO BE... OUT TO GET YOU.
EVERYONE IS YOUR ENEMY... EVEN YOUR FRIENDS.
BLURR USED TO BE A FRIEND.

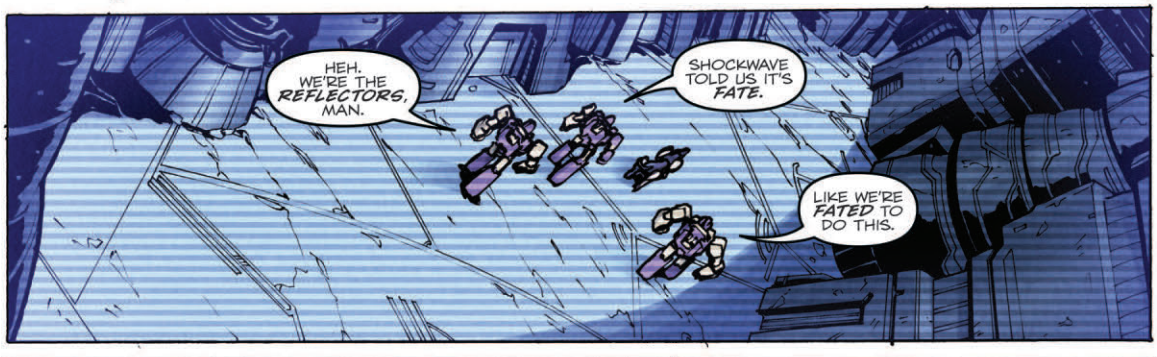
THEN PROWL CROSSED A LINE. PROWL ALWAYS DOES WHAT HE DOES FOR A REASON, BUT BLURR DIDN'T DESERVE TO BE TREATED LIKE THAT.
MACCADAM'S
OLD OIL HOUSE
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
HE'S THE FASTEST 'BOT I KNOW. AND IF STARSCREAM'S GOING TO TRY AND FIND IRONHIDE... I'LL NEED SPEED ON MY SIDE.
—BELIEVE THEY JUST SAID "SUICIDE" AND EXPECT US TO TAKE—
—NOT GOING TO HOLD ELECTIONS—
—DON'T BUY THE LIGHTNING THING—
BLURR.
BEE.
LOOK. I KNOW YOU DIDN'T LEAVE UNDER THE BEST OF TERMS—
—BUT WE NEED YOU. IRONHIDE NEEDS YOU.
THAT'S A POLITICAL WAY TO PUT IT.

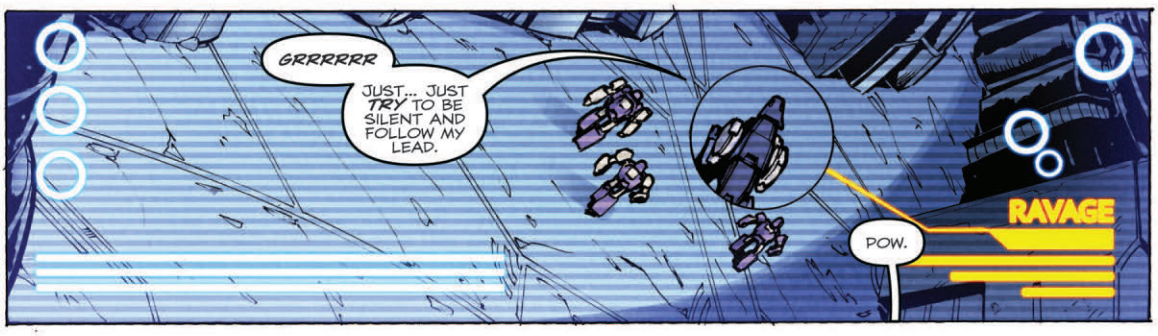

BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SKY LYNX, RIGHT?
HOW DID YOU KNOW...?
PEOPLE COME HERE AND TALK. DOESN'T MATTER— I CAN'T STAND WITH YOU.
COME ON, PROWL—
PROWL'S NOT THE ISSUE. NOT THE ONLY ISSUE.
REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST JOINED?
OPTIMUS PRIME—WELL, HE WASN'T PRIME YET—HE TALKED ME INTO SAVING ZETA PRIME'S LIFE. AND THEN—
ZETA'S ZEALOTRY ALMOST DESTROYED THE PLANET, AND WE STOPPED HIM, AND THE WAR...
ERUPTED. YEAH. IF I HADN'T SAVED HIM...
SO I'VE ALWAYS HAD THAT. AND NOW, SEEING PROWL MAKING THE SAME UNILATERAL DECISIONS ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH THAT ZETA DID, EVEN IF IT'S ON A SMALLER SCALE...
BUT THIS ISN'T ABOUT PROWL, OR PRIME. THIS IS IRONHIDE.
WHAT DO YOU NEED ME TO DO?

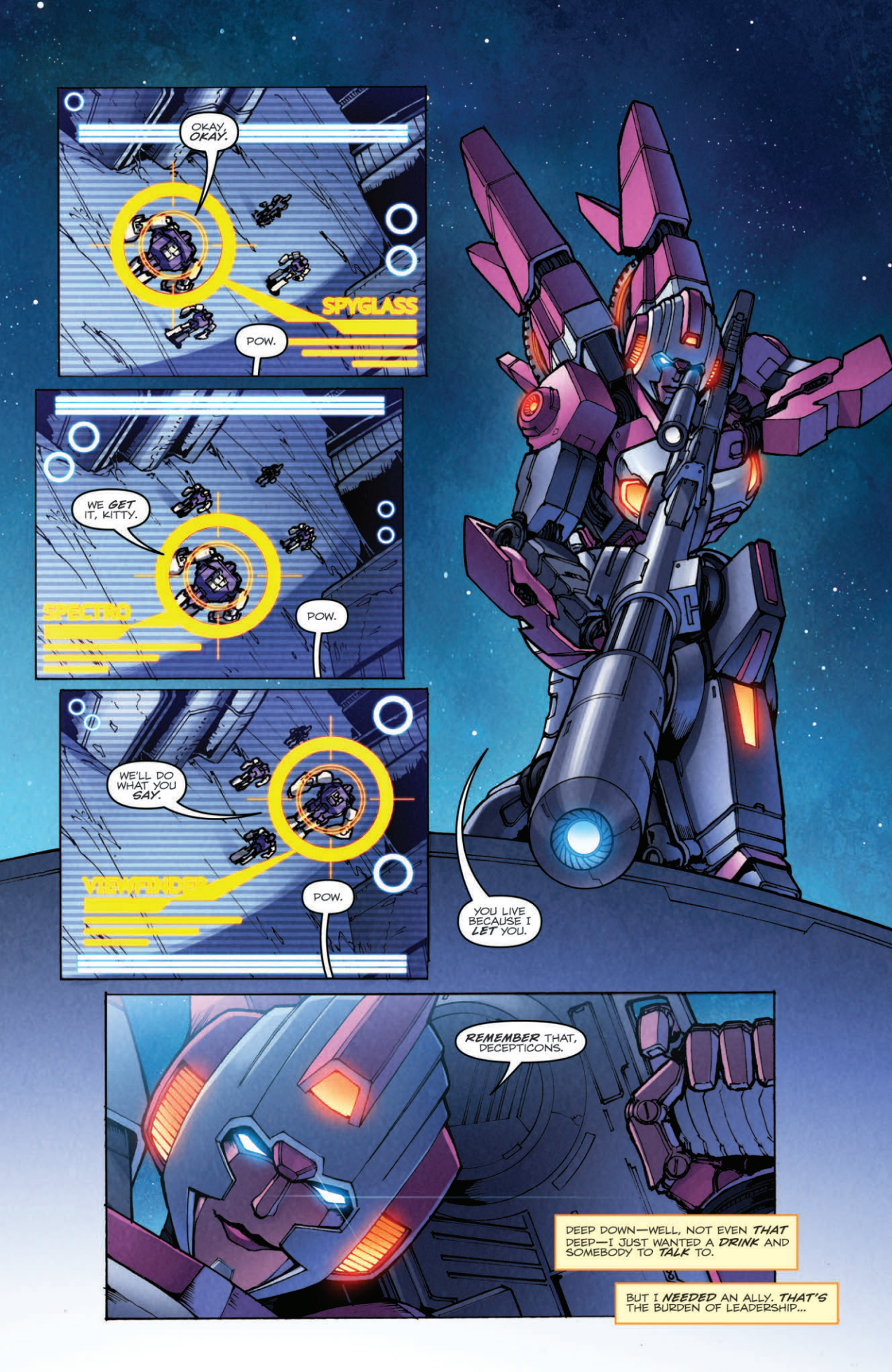

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE COULD BE DOING. TALKING. DRINKING.
OUT IN THE OPEN, SURROUNDED BY POTENTIAL ADVERSARIES... IT MAKES NO SENSE TO ME.


I DON'T EXPECT IT WOULD, RAVAGE. REGARDLESS, YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS.

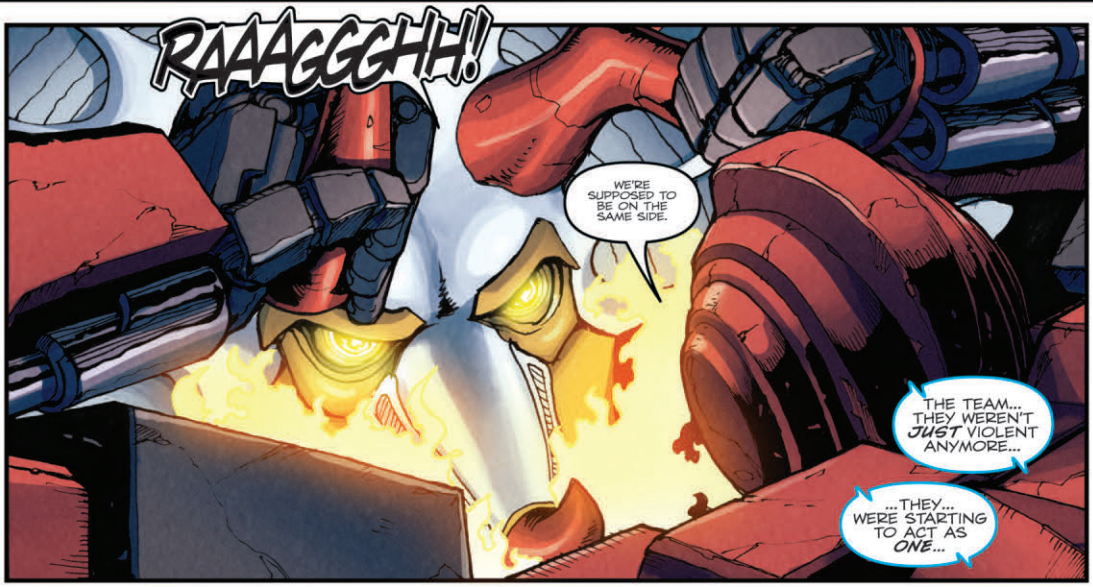
SOUNDS LIKE SHOCKWAVE MEANS NOW.
SOUNDS LIKE.
I THINK THAT'S WHAT HE MEANS.
QUIET. WHY HE'S CHOSEN YOU FOR THIS MISSION IS BEYOND ME.

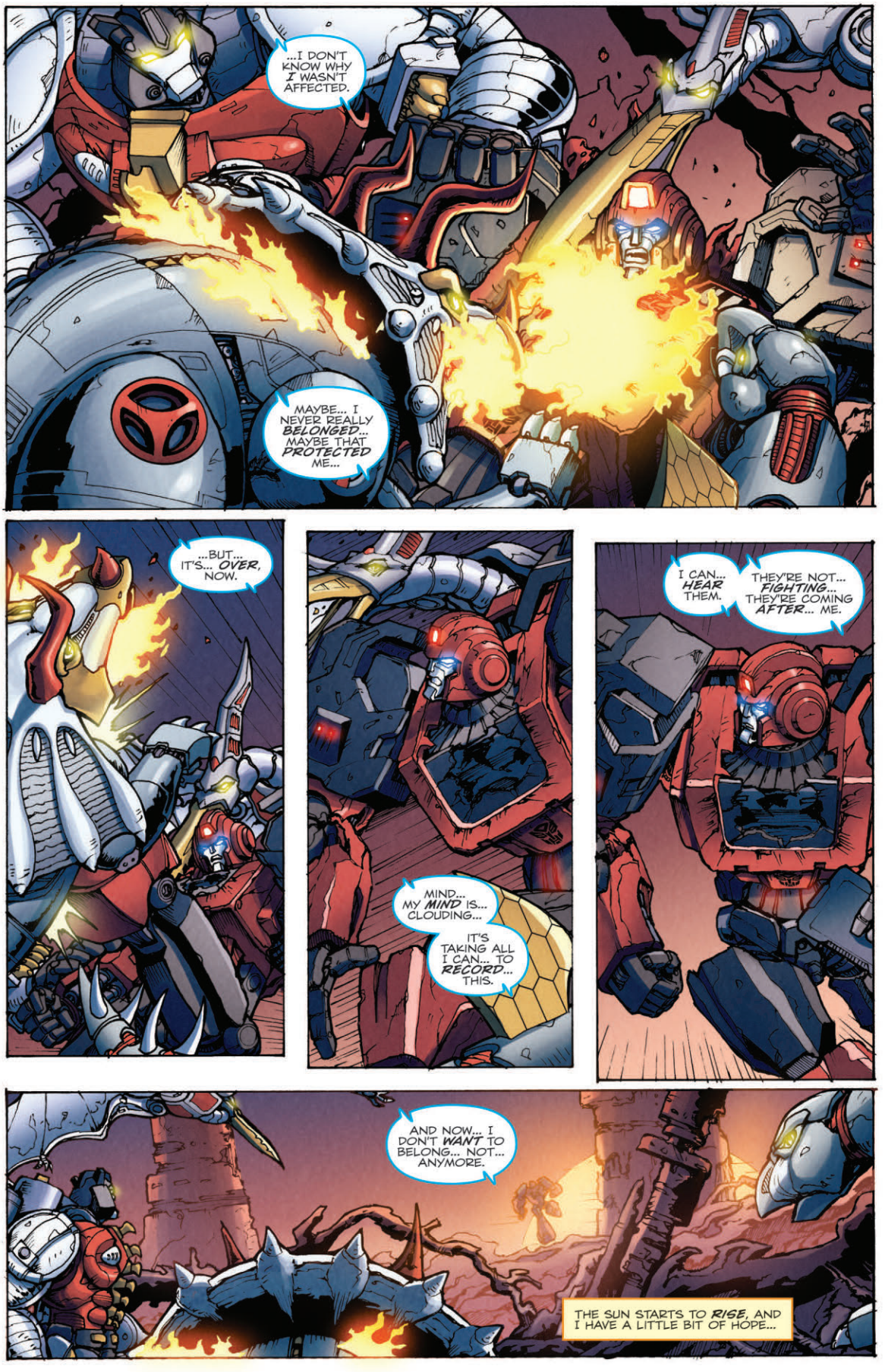

HEH. WE'RE THE REFLECTORS, MAN.
SHOCKWAVE TOLD US IT'S FATE.
LIKE WE'RE FATED TO DO THIS.

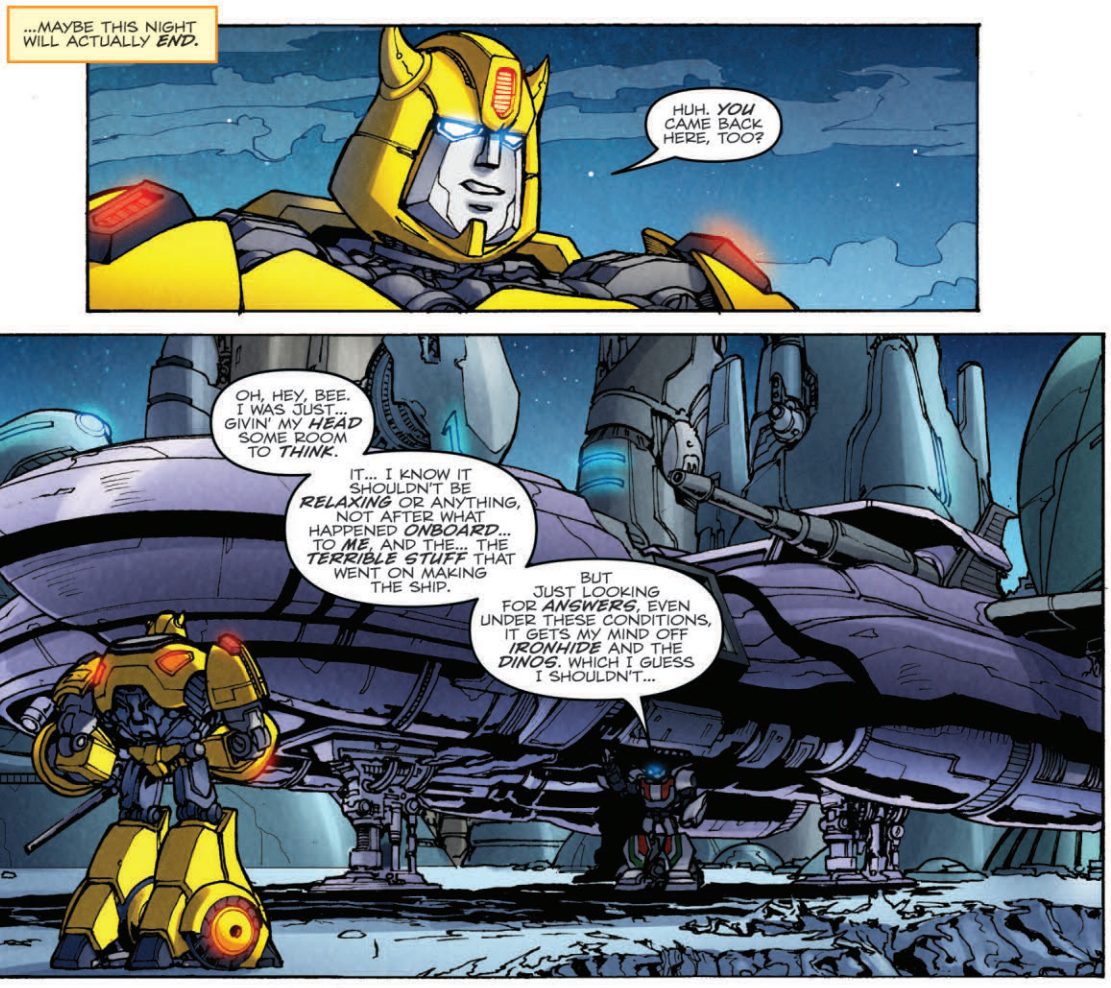

GRRRRRR
JUST... JUST TRY TO BE SILENT AND FOLLOW MY LEAD.
RAVAGE
POW.


OKAY, OKAY.
SPYGLASS
POW.
WE GET IT, KITTY.
SPECTRO
POW.
WE'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY.
VIEWFINDER
POW.
YOU LIVE BECAUSE I LET YOU.
REMEMBER THAT, DECEPTICONS.
DEEP DOWN—WELL, NOT EVEN THAT DEEP—I JUST WANTED A DRINK AND SOMEBODY TO TALK TO.
BUT I NEEDED AN ALLY. THAT'S THE BURDEN OF LEADERSHIP...

...YOU TAKE WHAT YOU NEED.
RAAAHH!
STOP, SLAG!
IT WAS... THREE DAYS IN...

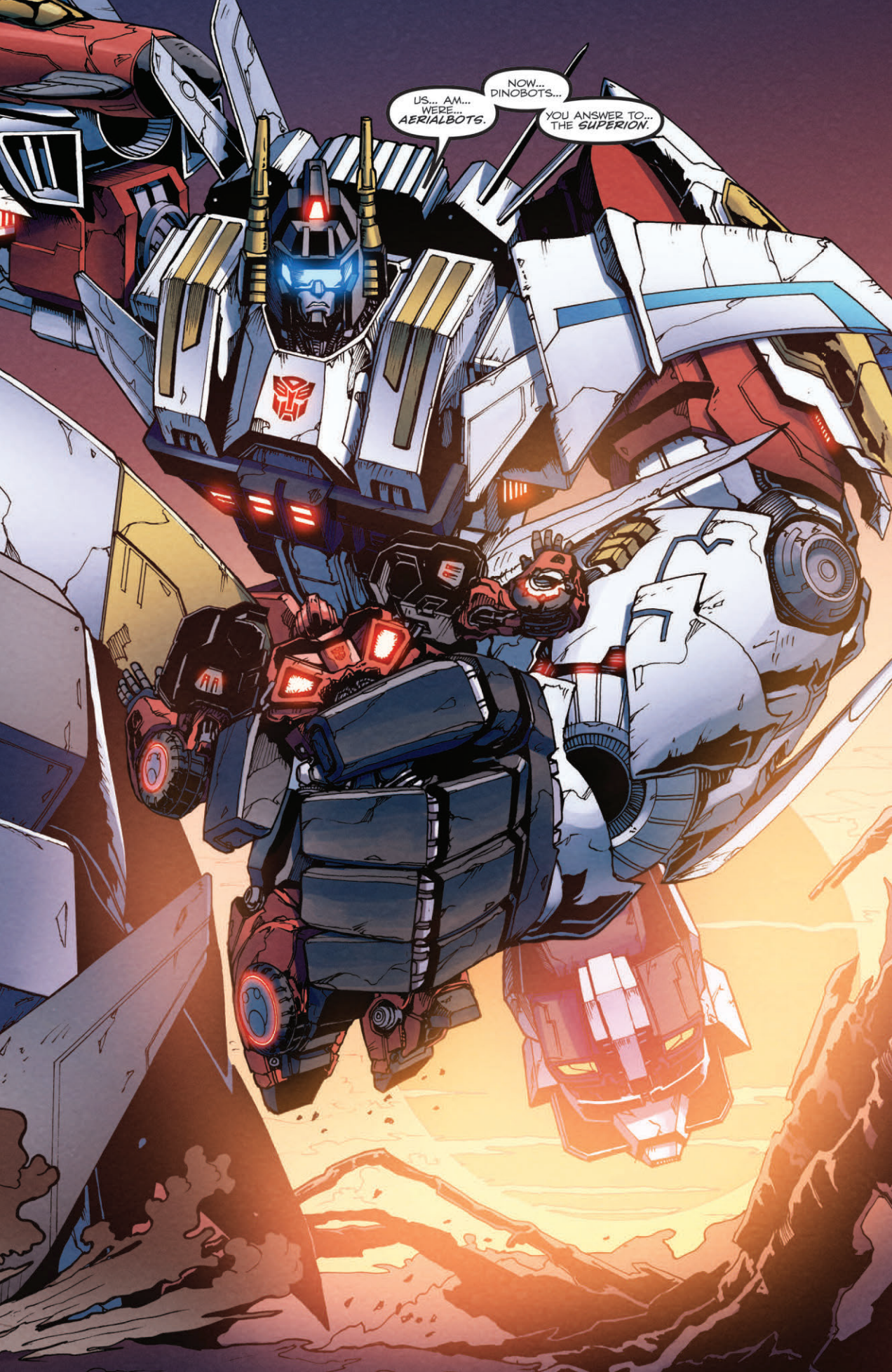

RAAAGGGHH!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE SAME SIDE.
THE TEAM... THEY WEREN'T JUST VIOLENT ANYMORE...
...THEY... WERE STARTING TO ACT AS ONE...

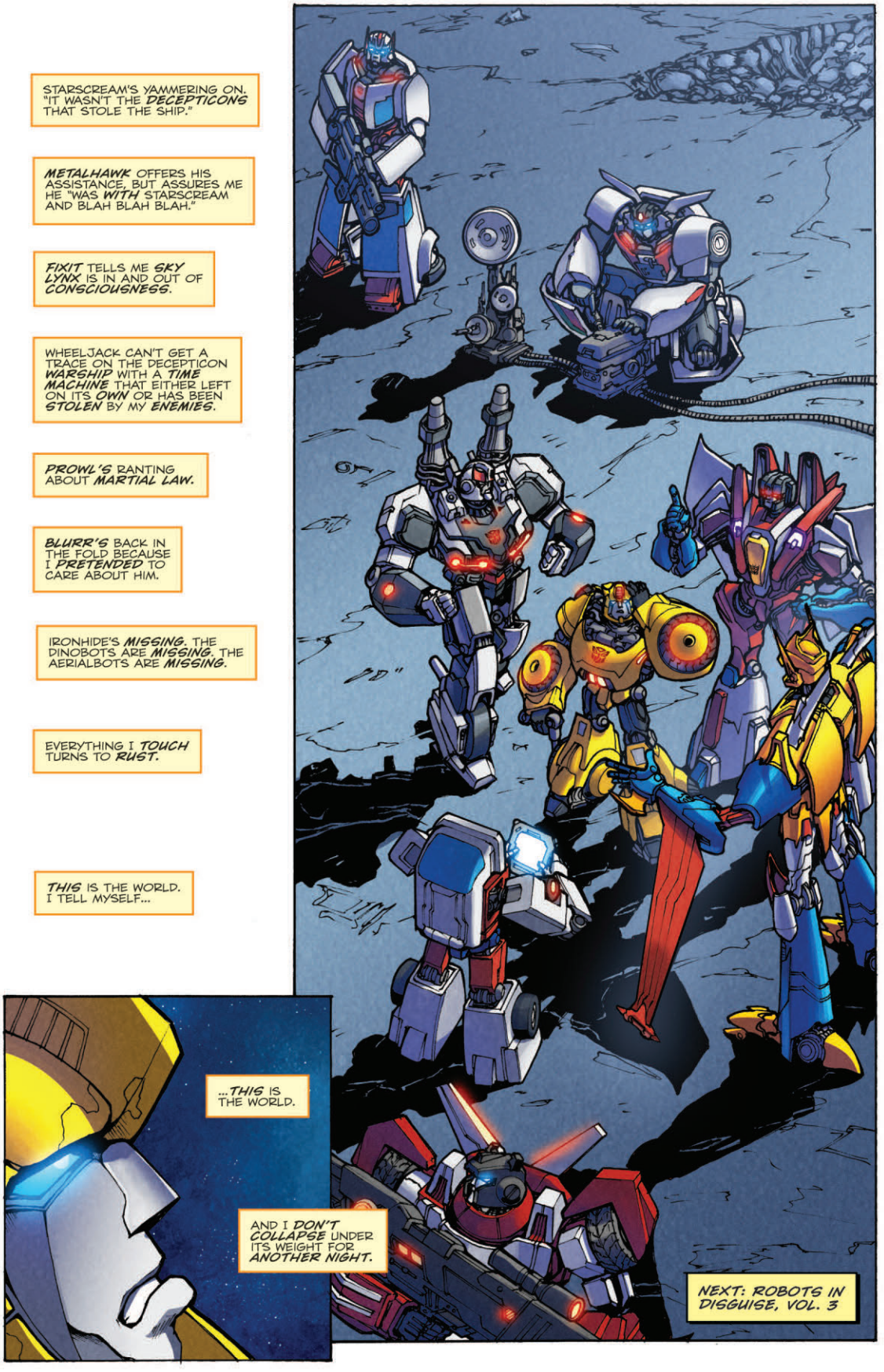

...I DON'T KNOW WHY I WASN'T AFFECTED.
MAYBE... I NEVER REALLY BELONGED... MAYBE THAT PROTECTED ME...
...BUT... IT'S... OVER, NOW.
MIND... MY MIND IS... CLOUDING...
IT'S TAKING ALL I CAN... TO RECORD... THIS.
I CAN... HEAR THEM.
THEY'RE NOT... FIGHTING... THEY'RE COMING AFTER... ME.
AND NOW... I DON'T WANT TO BELONG... NOT... ANYMORE.
THE SUN STARTS TO RISE, AND I HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF HOPE...


...MAYBE THIS NIGHT WILL ACTUALLY *END*.
HUH. *YOU* CAME BACK HERE, TOO?
OH, HEY, BEE. I WAS JUST... GIVIN' MY *HEAD* SOME ROOM TO *THINK*.
IT... I KNOW IT SHOULDN'T BE *RELAXING* OR ANYTHING, NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED *ONBOARD*... TO *ME*, AND THE... THE *TERRIBLE STUFF* THAT WENT ON MAKING THE SHIP.
BUT JUST LOOKING FOR *ANSWERS*, EVEN UNDER THESE CONDITIONS, IT GETS MY MIND OFF *IRONHIDE* AND THE *DINOS*. WHICH I GUESS I SHOULDN'T...
NO, I *GET* IT.
JUST *FIGURE IT OUT*, SO WE CAN USE THE *TIME MACHINE* TO GO BACK AND STOP *BLURR* FROM SAVING *ZETA PRIME*.
AS A RANDOM EXAMPLE.
OR GO *AHEAD* OF ALL THIS, AND MAKE SURE IRONHIDE'S *ALIVE* IN A—A *BILLION YEARS*, LIKE HE SAYS.
IT'S NOT GONNA *WORK* LIKE THAT. THE TIME MACHINE—IT'S ALL ABOUT *QUANTUM FIELDS* AND *READING* SPACETIME, NOT *TRAVEL* LIKE WE THINK OF IT.
IT... IT GOES *SIDE-TO-SIDE* IN TIME. NOT *BACK AND FORTH*.
THERE'S NO *MAGIC SOLUTION*, BEE.
THAT'S A *LETDOWN*.
COME ON. YOU KNOW BETTER. 'BOTS LIKE *US*, WE HAVE TO *WORK* TO GET WHAT WE WANT.
WHEELJACK...

OH, BOY.

SILVERBOLT—
—I DUNNO IF YOU CAN READ ME, OL' BUDDY, BUT I GOT A LOCK ON THAT SIGNAL O' YOURS.
I HOPE YA WORKED OUT WHAT TA DO ABOUT THE AERIALBOTS—
—AN' THEY DIDN'T ALREADY KILL YA—
—'CAUSE I COULD SURE USE SOME HELP RIGHT ABOUT NOW!
I... RON... HIDE...
SILVERBOLT! WHERE ARE YA?! ARE YOU OKAY?!
YOU... YOU HAVE... FOUND WE...


US... AM... WERE... AERIALBOTS.
NOW... DINOBOTS...
YOU ANSWER TO... THE SUPERION.


STARSCREAM'S YAMMERING ON. "IT WASN'T THE DECEPTICONS THAT STOLE THE SHIP."
METALHAWK OFFERS HIS ASSISTANCE, BUT ASSURES ME HE "WAS WITH STARSCREAM AND BLAH BLAH BLAH."
FIXIT TELLS ME SKY LYNX IS IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.
WHEELJACK CAN'T GET A TRACE ON THE DECEPTICON WARSHIP WITH A TIME MACHINE THAT EITHER LEFT ON ITS OWN OR HAS BEEN STOLEN BY MY ENEMIES.
PROWL'S RANTING ABOUT MARTIAL LAW.
BLURR'S BACK IN THE FOLD BECAUSE I PRETENDED TO CARE ABOUT HIM.
IRONHIDE'S MISSING. THE DINOBOTS ARE MISSING. THE AERIALBOTS ARE MISSING.
EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO RUST.
THIS IS THE WORLD. I TELL MYSELF...
...THIS IS THE WORLD.
AND I DON'T COLLAPSE UNDER ITS WEIGHT FOR ANOTHER NIGHT.
NEXT: ROBOTS IN DISGUISE, VOL. 3

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #7 COVER RI

BY **MARCELO MATERE** COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #6 COVER RI
BY **CASEY COLLER**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #9 COVER B
BY **CASEY COLLER** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #8 COVER RI
BY **MARCELO MATERE** COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #9 COVER RI
BY **MARCELO MATERE** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #7 PAGE 22*
BY **CASEY COLLER** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

**page drawn as one continuous image with panel breaks added later.*

Optimus Prime has given up his title and is now **Orion Pax**, following the trail of the deadliest Decepticon of all... **Shockwave**. And the Dinobots are back, led by **Ironhide** into the Cybertronian wilderness searching for lost Autobots... but what they find might be the greatest danger of all!

IDW